McKean County Miner.

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VOTE FOR THE PAVING OF MAIN STREET

Cheaper in the Long Run—More Satisfactory all the Time.

NEXT TUESDAY—IS THE DAY

To Vote on the Proposition and All Friends of Paving Should be on Hand to Help the Good Cause.

Next Tuesday, April 14, the people of Smethport will have an opportunity to express their opinion on the paving proposition placed before them a few weeks ago by the borough council.

This object has been discussed by the people of the town for the past several years and all aspects of the matter should be familiar to them. But the fact remains that the pavement is needed and needed badly. The progress of the town is in question, and public spirited citizens should bear this in mind when they go to the polls. Do you prefer that for eight or nine months a year Main street should remain in a miserable condition, or are you willing to spend a few dollars in extra taxes for paving? That is the question the voters will decide.

Here are a few facts: The amount of the last assessed valuation in the borough is $482,079. The proposed increased indebtedness is $31,645.00. It is proposed to issue bonds to this amount which will become due at the rate of about $2,000 per per year giving sixteen years to pay them all. To save a lot of figuring of interest, say that bonds are issued to the amount of $32,000 and that $2,000 worth are to be paid each year. The following table shows the cost to the taxpayers:

1909—	$2000 bonds, int. on $32,000—	$1920	
1910—	" " " 30,000—	1800	
1911—	" " " 28,000—	1680	
1912—	" " " 26,000—	1560	
1913—	" " " 24,000—	1440	
1914—	" " " 22,000—	1320	
1915—	" " " 20,000—	1200	
1916—	" " " 18,000—	1080	
1917—	" " " 16,000—	960	
1918—	" " " 14,000—	840	
1919—	" " " 12,000—	720	
1920—	" " " 10,000—	600	
1921—	" " " 8,000—	480	
1922—	" " " 6,000—	360	
1923—	" " " 4,000—	240	
1924—	" " " 2,000—	120	

Total amount, prin. and int. $48,330

It is conservatively estimated that the cost to the borough of cross-walks and repairs on that part of Main street which it is proposed to pave is $1,500 per year, which in 16 years would amount to $24,000. Say that the cost of keeping this pavement in first class condition would be $300 per year, or $4,800 for the sixteen. That would leave an actual net cost, including interest to the taxpayer of $29,130 for the paving, which at the same rate of saving in cost of keeping up Main street would actually pay for itself in about 24 years, and 40 years is not the full life of such a pavement as is proposed.

Now as to the cost to the individual taxpayer: The gross cost is $48,330, or about 10 per cent. of the assessed valuation, but the net cost, a liberal allowance for repairs figured in, as seen above is $29,130 or a little less than 6 per cent. of the assessed valuation.

The assessed valuation on a laborer's occupation is $25, six per cent. of which is $1.50, which divided by sixteen would make his yearly increase in tax about 9 cents. The assessed valuation on the average dwelling house and lot is $600, and the increase in tax for paying would amount to $1.88 per year. On property with an assessed valuation of $1,000, the increased yearly taxation would be $3.75. In other words the increased yearly tax will amount to 3¾ mills on the dollar.

The interest figured on the bonds in the above statement is at the rate of six per cent. But we are reliably informed that five per cent. bonds can be sold at par. This will reduce the cost to the taxpayers about $2,700.

Harriman to the Rescue.

E. H. Harriman, according to his promise, came to the aid of the Erie railroad company yesterday and just in the nick of time to prevent its going into the hands of a receiver.

Mr. Harriman offered to bear the entire issue of old notes at 95 cents on the dollar and as the offer was accepted, Mr. Harriman became the possessor of $5,500,000 worth of notes and the public were notified that the notes would be paid in cash in full or they could be exchanged for new notes at par with a 5 per cent. bonus in cash. According to a rumor Harriman will take the Erie into the Union Pacific system, if necessary, to save it from receivership.

Just received a new line of G. G. Rhoder's fine Hand Painted China for my Easter display. I will be pleased to show you this beautiful stock, should you wish to buy or not.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

Comments on Paving.

ED. MINER:—In a few days the voters of Smethport will have an opportunity of voting for or against placing upon the real estate of the borough, in its legal effect, a mortgage of about $31,000 on interest, for the purpose of paving only a portion of Main street. If authorized and made this loan must be paid practically by the owners of real estate in the borough. It is said that the friends of the loan rely very much on the votes of persons who own no real estate in Smethport. It hardly seems that any fair-minded man will vote to place a burden on his neighbor's property, which he, the voter, will not be called upon to share. While each legal voter can vote on this question it seems to me that in all fairness its determination ought to be left to the property owners who will finally have to pay the loan with interest.

A man may have the legal right to vote while morally and as a fair-minded man he cannot see his way clear to exercise his dry legal right.

While disclaiming any strong feeling on this question I do think its decision ought to be left to the voters who will have to pay the loan and interest. It will require more than $1,500 per annum to pay the interest on the proposed loan to say nothing about the annual payments on the principal. Thus quite a substantial addition will be made to our annual taxes, and very many of our people feel that our taxes are much too high now.

Let the property owners go to the polls and decide this question and then we should all be satisfied. TAX PAYER.

I would call the attention of the people of this borough to the paving question relative to its being a greater burden upon our citizens than they can conveniently bear. I understand that the borough is indebted about $4,000 at the present time, the school district at least $10,500, and it will be necessary to raise $30,000 to pave Main street as proposed. This means some $44,000 for the people of Smethport borough to pay interest upon, and interest money is not an agreeable thing for either municipality or private individuals to pay, especially when they will receive no income whatever from the amount invested.

Again it has been argued in favor of the paving question that it would decrease our expenses for keeping up the roads of the borough. This argument will not stand. Smethport borough has some eight miles of roads, they propose to pave one mile. The other roads will need just as much attention as they have in the past, and it is the experience regarding paved streets that it costs nearly as much to keep them clean as it usually does to keep a dirt road in reasonable repair.

Therefore before voting in favor of paving Main street, ask yourself whether you wish to put a mortgage upon the property in this borough that will take thirty years to pay off, and that before it is paid the people of this borough will have paid in principal and interest nearly $70,000.00.

Do you wish to incumber the property of this borough during the lifetime of all the men of middle life and until the school children will be grandfathers and grandmothers?

SHERIDAN GORTON.

Died of His Injuries.

Gerald, the 10-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fesenmeyer, of No. 241 Congress street, died at the Bradford hospital last night at 10:45 o'clock as the result of injuries which he received on March 31, by being accidently struck on the head by a brick or some other heavy object which fell from a building being razed.

The lad's skull was fractured and he was taken to the hospital, where he had undergone two surgical operations. These efforts, however, were unavailing.

Gerald was an exceedingly bright, lovable boy and his death is a great shock to his parents and friends.

Besides his parents, he leaves two half brothers, Fred Fesenmeyer of Songbird and Clarence Fesenmeyer of Louisiana.

The remains were taken in charge by Undertaker Still and removed to the home of the sadly bereaved parents.—Bradford Era.

Narrow Escape.

While at the reservoir last Saturday night about midnight attending to one of the swing pipes that needed attention Earl Acre had a very narrow escape from a horrible death. He and a companion were standing in water above their knees, when they heard something crack and a few seconds later another crackle startled them and as they looked up through the inky darkness toward the sky they saw the moving of two hemlocks falling. They hurried as fast as they could for safety and only escaped by the slightest margin, the branches of the falling trees striking their backs severely as they dodged behind the nearest tree, and the trees lay in the same place where they had stood. It is a surprising thing that they heard the trees crackle because of the roaring of the water.—Port Allegany Argus.

Death of Well Known Eldred Citizen.

Died at his home in Eldred, Tuesday, April 7, 1908, at 9:30 p. m., John Murry Blake, after a day's illness following an attack of heart disease. He was nearly 69 years of age.

Mr. Blake was a kind and genial man, quite well known in Smethport, where he frequently visited at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. C. Backus. Those who became acquainted with Mr. Blake on such occasions feel that in his death they have sustained a personal loss, as he had a pleasant faculty of quickly making friends and retaining their warm regard. He was a loving and indulgent husband and father and the bereaved wife and children have the sincere sympathy of this community in their loss.

Mr. Blake was born in New Brunswick, Canada, April 15, 1839. On March 1, 1866, he was united in marriage with Miss Sarah Wilson at Dennoseh Creek, Canada, and during their long married life nine children blessed their union, seven of whom are living. David, aged 1 year and John, aged 19 years, having passed away a number of years ago. Those who survive with their mother to mourn the loss of this estimable man are Mrs. Mary Dickerson of Eldred, Mrs. Ella Bowen of Bradford, Mrs. Bessie Jahn of Buffalo, Mrs. Lucy Backus of Smethport, Robert Blake of Bradford and William and Margaret Blake of Eldred.

About 20 years ago Mr. Blake located in Eldred where he engaged in the blacksmithing business. He was a skilled workman and enjoyed a flourishing business up to a few years ago when failing health compelled him to give up the heavier work of his occupation. He was of an inventive turn of mind and was the maker of several clever devices, some of which are patented and on the market at the present time.

Last Monday he was enjoying his usual health and was around town, and his home carrying out his usual duties. During the afternoon he had a sudden collapse and his condition became so alarming that all the children were called to his bedside. He apparently rallied from the worst of the attack and the final summons came without warning and entirely unexpected by the family Tuesday afternoon.

The funeral will be held in Eldred this afternoon and interment will be made in the cemetery at that place.

"The Holy City."

One of the most beautiful and really meritorious plays that has been to the Barlow this season was "The Holy City" last night that drew only a fair sized audience when its merits justified a full house. In every respect the play was well staged, the costumes being rich and appropriate and the cast a capable one. It was a chaste and instructive production of a great biblical story, full of human interest and appealed alike to the intellectual and emotional side of human nature. The lines were rich with the beautiful imagery and sentiment of the Scriptures and effective. The articulation, enunciation and elocutionary powers of the entire cast were exceptionally good, thus heightening the effects of the lines. George Dill, Jr., as "Marius," gave a splendid portrayal of the young Roman, while Edna Marshall as "Salome," portrayed the character in the most finished and artistic style. The "Mary Magdalene" in the hands of Miss Ramsey, was a beautiful impersonation, while Mr. Bennett gave an ideal interpretation of the part of Judas Iscariot. It was an uplifting play, wholesome in conception and execution and in selection of cast, scenery, costuming and the acting of the first quality.—Gazette, Charleston, W. Va., Sept. 28th, 1907.

At the Lyceum, one night only, Tuesday, April 14.

Cornelius-Hall Nuptials.

Married, at the home of the bride's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Hall, at 8 o'clock last evening by the Rev. W. A. Harris, Miss Hattie Hall of Smethport and Mr. Alvin G. Cornelius of Andover, N. Y. The ceremony was performed in the presence of the relatives and a very few friends of the two families, and the bride was the recipient of many beautiful presents.

The bride is a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hall and has passed most of her life in Smethport. She is a very popular and attractive young lady, who has the best wishes of the community for a long and happy married life.

The groom is an industrious young farmer, who is very highly spoken of by all who know him.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius departed this morning for Alfred, N. Y., where a reception will be held at the home of the groom's parents. The happy young couple will make their future home at Andover, N. Y.

Hand Painted China.

On Monday Mrs. Lillian S. Backus will have an attractive line of hand painted china on exhibition at her home at No. 605 Main street. All are invited to call an inspect this line.

Phonographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy. Burg Chadwick, Prop.

Shooting Sensation in Buffalo.

The Era says: Herbert Whitling and wife, for many years residents of Bradford figured in a sensational affair at Buffalo, early Sunday morning. Whitling shot at a man who was with his (Whitling's) wife, but did not aim well and the man escaped injury. The furious shooter then fired a bullet into his wife's shoulder, and was overpowered by a policeman before doing further damage.

Some week ago Whitling threatened to kill his wife and himself, but the police were notified of his intentions in time to prevent a tragedy. It appears that he has since retained his tragic purpose and it is very probable that he would have carried it out yesterday morning had he not been prevented from so doing. For years Whitling was employed in a Bradford store and last year was discharged for cause. The next day after his dismissal he was struck by a locomotive in the local yards of the Erie road. That he was not killed seemed little less than miraculous. He recovered soon at the Bradford hospital and then he went to Buffalo securing work on the street railway. He is addicted to intemperate habits and to this fact much of his trouble is due. His wife is an attractive looking woman, who was married before she was wedded to Whitling.

Buffalo papers in accounts of the affair say that Herbert Whitling, 35 years old, in a fit of jealous frenzy, discharged a revolver in the face of E. W. Rich of 995 Main street, Buffalo, and then tried to kill his wife, who was with Rich. The affray occurred in front of 68 West Chippowa street and Patrolman John Connors stood directly across the street and attracted by the shooting. He ran to the scene and it is alleged that Whitling fired three times at the patrolman. Connors with the help of another officer finally pounded Whirling into unconsciousness and the revolver was taken away from him.

Whitling's scalp was badly cut and he was taken to the Emergency hospital. Rich was taken to a police station and examined. He said he formerly lived in Bradford and was well acquainted with the Whitlings. He also said there was no occasion for the man's jealousy.

Commendable Proposal.

EDITOR MINER—The regular meeting of McKean Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was held at the home of Mrs. D. C. Young, Monday afternoon. The administration of George Washington while President was reviewed by the society.

A resolution was presented and carried that the efforts of McKean Chapter be concentrated upon the erection in Smethport of a boulder with bronze tablet, whose inscription shall rehearse the advance of the left wing of Sullivan's expedition under Col. Brodhead. This expedition authorized by Congress and planned by Washington was one of the most important and decisive episodes of the Revolutionary War. It paralyzed savagery, presented flank and rear attacks on Washington's army; opened a road through the wilderness, blazed the trail for the civilization of the Keystone and Empire States, and in time became the fugitive slave's path as he followed the North star to liberty and freedom.

This great expedition penetrated our county—Sullivan's trail being familiar to some of our elder inhabitants, whose woodcraft and forest love is not yet forgotten.

McKean Chapter will erect this boulder in grateful memory of the brave lives and heroic deaths of the fathers, who fought, suffered and died, that we might have the liberty to honor this great history-making epoch. We will place this boulder in our staid county town, that through its mute but eloquent teachings, our children may learn the lesson of heroism, bravery, self-sacrifice and devotion to home and country that its inscription commemorates; that it may elevate our American citizenship and teach to all who gaze upon it a greater love for the grand old Commonwealth in which we live.

McKean Chapter will expect the support and lively interest of the citizens of Smethport in this patriotic undertaking.

The next meeting of the Chapter will be held at the home of the Regent, Mrs. Thos. A. Morrison, Monday, May 4.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending April 4, 1908:

Howard Baum, J. H. E. Catlin, Miss Marion Wood.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Easter Millinery Opening.

MRS. A. E. Hinman announces her Easter millinery opening to occur on Friday and Saturday.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

A 8½ pound girl baby appeared in the drama of life at the home of Charles Sheldon of South Smethport, Saturday September 15, 1888. Mr. Sheldon's countenance was wreathed with smiles that day and his pockets were filled with Havanas.

Martin-Colson—At the residence of M. N. Allen, Esq., September 25, 1888, John Martin and Miss Anna G. Colson, both of East Smethport, Pa.

On Monday afternoon, September 24, 1888, was celebrated the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Asa H. Cory, at their beautiful residence in Coryville, where they have resided the best part of their married life. The announcement of this happy event called together a large number of friends and relatives of this happy couple, to the number of fifty-four persons, including their two children and five grandchildren. Occasions are not too frequent when a married couple has either in sunshine or storm, passed the fiftieth milestone of married life, but when, as in this instance, the married life has been all sunshine, with no ripple to mar or jar the pathway of a half-century of years, it seems eminently proper that the celebration of such an event, should draw forth something more than a passing notice to be forgotten in the everyday routine of life. It is needless to say that all who participated in the festivities of this happy day met with a right royal welcome, not only from the venerable couple themselves but they enjoyed to repletion the refreshments so profusely provided. The following is a list of the presents received: Mrs. M. E. Richmond, silver mug; Mrs. Harriet Hamlin, two easy chairs; Mrs. Ella Holmes, silver cup and saucer; Mrs. Edwards, ½ dozen decorated cups and saucers; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Holmes, gold headed cane; Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Wright, fruit dish; Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Cory, B. F. Cory, and F. Caldwell a family stand; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Richmond, gold pen and pencil; Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Holmes, a fine present; Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest, onyx ear-rings; Mrs. C. E. Wright, a beautiful tidy; Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Holmes, a beautiful present; Mrs. Ellen Wetherbee and daughter, broom holder; Mrs. L. T. Medbury, ½ dozen linen napkins; Mr. E. P. Carter, black ebony holder, pen and pencil; Mrs. E. P. Carter, gold pen and pencil; Mrs. Janette Redfield, onyx pin and 1 year's subscription to Century Magazine; Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Reilly, handsome ornamented clock. The following contributions, mostly in gold, were received from friends, amounting to over seventy-seven dollars: Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Cory, Mr. and Mrs. P. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Hamlin, Mr. and Mrs. E. Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Young, Mr. and Mrs. R. Sartwell, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Richmond, Mrs. A. E. Taylor, Mrs. Charlotte McCoy, Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin, Mrs. Emma Sprague, J. Cory, a grandson, Mr. Isadore Fellman, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Moody, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hamlin.

A boy baby arrived at the home of James McGuire on Water street, Sunday September 30, 1888. Jimmy's countenance has worn a puzzled expression for some time past, which is now accounted for.

Tuthill-Colegrove—In this borough, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Colegrove, September 29, 1888, by Rev. T. W. Chandler, Mr. Asher E. Tuthill, and Miss Rosa Ellen Colegrove.

Heisel-Ormsby—Charles D. Heisel to Emma A. Ormsby at the residence of the bride's father in Keating township, Pa., October 2, 1888, by G. M. Smith, J. P.

On Monday October 8, 1888, a few of the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Curtis gave them a very agreeable surprise, it being the fifty-fourth anniversary of their wedding. The friends began to call at their comfortable home near East Smethport early in the morning, but the aged couple informed their visitors that they had an engagement to take dinner with their daughter, Mrs. M. E. Richmond, in Smethport, that day, and as it was a family gathering they could not permit outsiders to break it up. Mrs. Richmond, however, soon appeared in person and they were then appraised of what was going on. A delicious dinner was provided by the lady visitors which was partaken of with great relish by all, and there were enough delicacies left to last the old people for weeks to come. The visitors also presented them with two patent rocking chairs, an elegant table lamp, a handsome tea pot and a quantity of table linen. Mr. and Mrs. Curtis are each past 80 years of age and they declare that the surprise of Monday was one of the most delightful occasions ever experienced by them.

The funeral of Blanche Smith, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Smith, who lives on lower Main street, occurred Sunday October 7, 1888, at half past one p. m.

Mrs. Patty Howard died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Gillis, in Ridgway, on October 10, 1888, aged 88 years, 10 months and 9 days. Patty Hinds was born in Mt. Holly, Rutland county, Vermont, January 1, 1800, married Eliphlet M. Howard at Watertown, N. Y., December 25, 1817, and moved to Pennsylvania in April, 1837. She was the mother of seven children, namely: Mrs. Mary A. Totten, Mrs. E. J. Gillis, Mrs. W. S. Brownell, Mr. D. O. Howard, Mrs. L. J. Keefer, Mr. D. W. Howard and Frank L. Howard. There are but three of the children living—Mrs. Totten, Mrs. Gillis and Mr. D. W. Howard. She and her husband in their early life united with the Baptist church in Watertown, N. Y. She buried her husband in 1876. Mrs. Howard was the last of father's family. She had three brothers and four sisters, all of whom she outlived, the sisters all living to be over 80 years of age. She possessed a mild and loving disposition, which endeared her to the hearts of all who knew her. Most of the time, for the past year, she has been confined to her bed. She was patient and resigned, and unconsciously entered into rest October 10, 1888. She was buried in Rose Hill cemetery, at Smethport beside her aged husband.

"The Missouri Girl."

A prominent dramatic critic, reviewing the successes and failures of this season, in a late number of a popular magazine makes the following statement: "It is not the manager who changes his play each year that makes the money. The successful manager is the one who takes one play, sticks to it, endeavors to build it up, and each year offers it to the public in better shape than before." This was Fred Raymond's idea eleven years ago when he first introduced "The Missouri Girl." Each year the play has been improved and twice re-written, and now Mr. Raymond has the satisfaction of knowing that he has one of the best money-making attractions on the road, and the "Greatest Domestic Comedy of the Age." One performance of "The Missouri Girl" will be given at the Lyceum Thursday evening, April 16.

At Bell Bros. Store.

Ocean Times: Judging by the crowds that thronged the aisles of Bell Bros., dry goods emporium during the first days of the spring opening, one could not help but be impressed with the fact that the people of Olean and vicinity are not only prosperous, but that no such thing existed in this locality as a money panic. The store display is truly beautiful, and reflects a great deal of credit on the firm, department managers and competent corps of sales people. Miss Behwinger, manager and buyer for the millinery, states that this is her thirtieth season (15th year) at the head of this very important department. During that time she has seen it grow from a small business steadily increasing, until now it has attained a reputation for being the largest millinery department (outside of the large cities) in this part of the state. The firm has always maintained a standard of values, which, considering the very exclusive styles, has added greatly in popularizing the department. The manager of the ready-to-wear department is very enthusiastic, and believes that Bell Bros.' sale of suits, jackets, skirts, waists, etc., will exceed in volume any spring business since she has managed the department. The display is surely attractive, and the crowds appreciative. In talking with Mr. Strum, assistant manager of the dry goods and fancy goods departments, one is more and more impressed with the greatness and attractiveness of Bell Bros.' big department store. It is stated that extensive alterations are being made on the furniture floors, a gallery being constructed which will add 2,500 square feet to this department alone. The entire second floor is to be converted into a modern room and used exclusively for millinery and ready to wear goods. The fixtures are to be all new and finished in early English oak, and when completed the room will be one of the most attractive in the state. Bell Bros. are strong believers in newspaper advertising, and are extensive users of printer's ink, and the Times bespeaks for them a large and profitable season's business.

To have perfect health we must have perfect digestion, and it is very important not to permit of any delay the moment the stomach feels out of order. Take something at once that you know will promptly and unfailingly assist digestion. There is nothing better than Kodol for dyspepsia, indigestion, sour stomach, belching of gas and nervous headache. Kodol is a natural digestant, and will digest what you eat. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

For Sale.

Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address HARRY L. BACKUS. Miner office, Smethport, Pa.

Notice.

Anyone wishing to purchase a monument or headstone or desiring to have inscriptions cut on monuments already erected or other cemetery work will do well to call on or address me.

M. A. COEVIN, Mill St. Smethport, Pa.

ManZan Pile Remedy, price 50c, is guaranteed. Put up ready to use. One application prompt relief to any form of piles. Soothes and heals. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Rings Little Liver Pills for biliousness and sick headache. They clean the system and clear the skin. Price 25c. Try them. Sold by Pulpco Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Model Restaurant.

Little Watts.

By Frank H. Sweet.

Copyright, 1907, by Frank H. Sweet.

NO matter how cold or stormy it was Little Watts was always waiting for his papers in front of the Daily Leader office at half past 4 in the morning. It was often stormy and always cold at that hour in the thriving and populous Rocky mountain mining town in which the Leader was published, and Little Watts lived a mile from the office in a poor wooden house near one of the great mines.

I met him one morning hurrying down the stony, deserted, unlighted street. The wind was blowing keen and cold, the air was filled with fine, sleety snowflakes, and I thought when I saw Little Watts that the fates had not been kind to the boy or he would have been warm and snug in bed at home at that hour.

But the Leader was published every morning, and Little Watts had regular customers at whose doors he left his papers before he hurried away to the early morning tasks.

He was only twelve years old and small for his years, and he would never be much larger or stronger. A great hump between his narrow shoulders told a sorrowful story of a fall down a long flight of tenement house stairs when he was only two years old.

It was often my duty to count out to the boys the papers as they came from the press. That is how I happened to know Little Watts.

His name was Clarence, but I never heard him called by any other name than Little Watts.

I remember that I said the boy and heard his name for the first time. It was the first morning I gave the papers out to the boys. The Leader that morning contained one of the matters of important news that always increases the demand for the papers, and the moment the office door was opened the newsboys came pushing and scrambling in, each eager to be first.

Suddenly the largest of the boys, a low browed, thick lipped, sticky fellow, began to beat the other boys back.

"Git back, fellers!" he shouted. "Git back, I tell ye! Ye're scroungin' the life out o' Little Watts! Ye know he allus gits his papers first. Git back, now!"

The other boys fell back, and out from among them came Little Watts, bearing evidence of having been pretty severely "scrounged."

His hat had fallen off, and he limped as he struggled forward. The rough boy who had befriended him in a way so surprising to me found his hat and put it on the boy's head, while he said:

"Ain't hurt, are ye, Wattsy? No? Well, that's good. Git yer papers now and light out, for they'll go like hot cakes this mornin'."

There stood next to the house in which I boarded a small house containing two or three rooms, which had not been occupied for several weeks.

One evening as I went home I saw cheap paper shades at the windows of this little tenement. Smoke was rising from the chimney, and on the step of the open door sat Little Watts playing on a harmonicon.

The door was within three feet of the street, and I stopped to say: "How do you do, Little Watts? Are you going to live here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then we shall be neighbors. I live next door."

"I'm glad of it, sir," said Little Watts politely.

"You must come in and see me some time." I said. "I have a good many

"GIT BACK, I TELL YE!"

books, and you may use any that you like to read."

A small, thin faced woman came to the door and looked inquiringly from me to Little Watts.

He rose and said: "Mother, this is Mr. Hart of the Leader. You've heard me speak about him."

"So I have," said Mrs. Watts quickly. "The Leader folks are real good to my boy, sir. He tells me about it, and I'm very much obliged."

The window of my room looked out upon the house which the Watts family occupied. A day or two after their arrival I was sitting in my open window. The windows of the other house were also open, and through them came the sound of some one singing in a wonderfully clear and sweet voice. I laid down my book to listen. The words came distinct and beautiful:

"Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes—
Flow gently; I'll sing thee a song in thy praise."

Could it be Little Watts singing in such a voice? While I looked and listened I saw Little Watts coming from a well at the back of the house with a pail of water.

I could not restrain my curiosity. As he came near my window I asked, "Who is that singing?"

"My sister Elise," he answered eagerly, his face beaming.

"She has a wonderful voice," I said.

"Hasn't she, though?" exclaimed Little Watts, with more enthusiasm than I had ever before seen in him.

"Did you ever hear any of those big singers?" he went on.

"Yes."

"Can they sing any better than she can?"

"Well, they are much older than your sister, and of course they are highly trained. How old is your sister?"

"Sixteen."

Before many days I and others in our neighborhood sat in the scantily

I ASKED, "WHO IS THAT SINGING?"

furnished living room of Mrs. Watts' house and heard Elise sing.

Mrs. Watts was a widow, and Elise and Clarence were her only children. A small pension partly supported them, and Mrs. Watts and Elise took in plain sewing when they could get it, but Little Watts' earnings from the sale of his papers were their chief source of income.

It seemed to me that they might live a little more comfortably, but one day Little Watts confided a secret to me.

"We're saving for Elise," he said. "She's going to be a big singer some day after she's gone away and studied and had a chance. I'm saving up for that."

This was the reason why Little Watts wore such shabby clothes, and this was why their home was so poor and bare and their table so scantily supplied. This was why Little Watts walked the streets in all kinds of weather, crying his papers at an hour when other boys slept.

One, two years passed. I was still in the Leader office. Little Watts still came before daylight for his papers and was called Little Watts still, for he was not noticeably larger or stronger than when I saw him first. He still lived next door to my own home, and—Elise was going away.

She had been singing in church choirs and at concerts, and some ladies who had become interested in her, but who were unable to lend her money for her study, had given her a benefit concert, which the Leader had widely advertised without charge on account of Little Watts.

But most of the money that was to pay for Elise's two years of study in the east had been or would be earned by Little Watts.

"But when I come back he shall work no more," Elise said to me, with the tears in her eyes. "I shall earn it then, and he shall go to New York to study drawing and engraving. He's so eager to learn it, you know, but he won't say much about it or even think about it until I begin to earn money."

Quite a little company of us went to the station to see Elise off. Of course Little Watts was there. His large eyes were shining through their tears, and his white face was wreathed in smiles, though I knew his heart ached with sorrow at the thought of two years without her.

But the boy cried his papers just as lustily and cheerily as ever next day—the Leader in the morning, when day was breaking, and the Times at night, when the day was gone.

I often met him hurrying around the corners of almost deserted streets or paying a last visit to the hotels, where he hoped to sell another paper at an hour when all other newsboys had gone home.

Every paper he sold counted, not for himself, but for Elise. He and his mother lived upon the pension and her sewing.

Every month a draft to the amount of all of Little Watts' earnings went to New York to Elise, and every week she wrote encouraging letters of what her teachers said about her voice and of her hopes for the future.

"I know they'd have to say her voice wasn't anything common," Little Watts said proudly to me when the first of her letters came. "I knew she'd astonish 'em!"

Twice the mountains changed from green to white and from white to green. They were changing to white again when Elise wrote the letter that told when she would start for home.

Little Watts brought me the letter to read.

"I shall reach home about the last day of October," she wrote. "You need not send me any more money. I am afraid you have sent me too much now. It is time for me to begin paying it back to you. You must be here next year and I at home working and earning money for you. If I'm not too tired, I shall sing for you and mother the very night I come. I'm so anxious to show you how well your money has been spent!"

She was delayed a little and came on the third day of November. It was on the afternoon of the first day of that month that the man whose duty it now was to give out the papers said to me:

"Little Watts didn't show up for his papers this morning. It's the first morning he's failed to come since I've been here. I wonder if he's sick?"

"Not that I know of," I replied. "It was a terribly stormy morning, you know."

"The weather has never made any difference with him before. He's been on hand the first one many a morning worse than this. Poor little chap! How he's escaped pneumonia as long as he has is a wonder to me."

The sun had not shone for three days. First rain and then snow had fallen nearly all the time. A fierce cold wind had swept down from the mountains. The barren town had never seemed so gloomy and cheerless and desolate to me as it did now.

At noon I went to see Little Watts. His mother came to the door and said briefly and in a low tone, for Little Watts was in the next room and the door was open:

"He's real sick. The doctor is afraid it's going to be pneumonia. I've tried to keep him in the last three days, but he would go out. You see why."

Her eyes were full of tears as she pointed toward the corner of the room. There stood a shining upright piano, with a stool of crimson velvet before it.

"He made the first payment on them yesterday," Mrs. Watts said. "He was so anxious to have them here for Elise."

"Well, he's a perfect little hero, Mrs. Watts," I said under my breath, but heartily. "I believe he will be able to fight off even the pneumonia for the sake of Elise."

He was worse the next day.

"He'll never be any better," said the doctor in the afternoon when I met him coming out of the shabby little house.

In the evening Little Watts said in a whisper:

"She'll be here in the morning, won't she?"

"At 8 o'clock," I said.

"Then I'll hear her sing again," he answered.

The wind died away in the night. The skies cleared. All of the distant ranges, the nearer hills and the streets

LITTLE WATTS LOOKED UP.

of the town were white with snow when the sun came out the next morning.

Elise came at 8 o'clock. Little Watts pulled himself up on his pillows to meet her and welcome her.

There was no sign in his eyes or face of sorrow in his heart at this ending of all his own hopes and plans for the future. He met Elise with a smile and with tearless eyes. For a moment she thought it must all have been a mistake about his being so ill.

"Now go and sing for me," he said after a few minutes.

They rolled his bed to the door that he might see her at the new piano. Elise sat before it with streaming eyes and sang the little ballads and the old songs he had loved so well.

"There was one," he whispered, "about 'the shining shore' and 'my Father hath many mansions.' Won't you sing that, Elise?"

She sang it with trembling voice, and while she was singing Little Watts looked up with wide open eyes as if he were gazing at something wonderful that he could not see and then sank back, his eyes closed forever.

A Long Background.

First Nurse (at hospital)—That ballet dancer in the ward with delirium tremens must be frightfully old.

Second Nurse—Why?

First Nurse—She sees nothing but prehistoric animals.—Harper's Weekly.

High Stakes.

Stella—An exciting bridge game? Bella—Very; we played for each other's cooks.—Harper's Bazar.

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HAD TWO MORE PLATES.

And Felt They Saved the Honor of the American Navy.

Every graduating class at Annapolis leaves behind it the fame of certain heroes in the line of physical prowess or mental endeavor. One of these heroes was George Dewey, a fine, manly, athletic youth, the pride of the boxing and fencing masters and the terror of all bullies.

In Dewey's class was a youth of an excellent bent for applied mathematics, but so tender of physique that he often suffered from the rough horseplay of his elders. Dewey took the boy under his protection, and the two became fast friends. They swung their hammocks in the same watch on their graduating cruise and when the ship touched at Liverpool obtained permission to run up to London on a day's leave. By rigid economy the two had scraped together a little more than £2 apiece, and they landed in the English capital arrayed in spick and span new uniforms. A round of sightseeing had reduced their combined capital to 2 sovereigns and their return tickets when their boyish appetites announced the hour of noon.

With the cautious economy of his ancestors the Scotsman suggested a chophouse, but nothing but the best would suit Dewey, and he accordingly steered his chum into the finest hotel he could find.

The two seated themselves at one of the tables and scanned with a magnificent air. The first item that caught their eyes was strawberries and cream, and this, with its reminiscence of home, they proceeded to order.

Now, the time was winter, and strawberries from the hothouse are expensive in London, so it was small wonder that the other guests who had learned the order looked inquiringly at these specimens of the genus *navalis* of the American navy. An Oxford lad who sat next them seemed particularly impressed and turned his large eyes upon them with awe. The strawberries were good, and all went well until the obsequious waiter returned with a bill for £1. The Scotsman nearly collapsed, but Dewey noticed the eyes of the Oxonian upon him and, turning superbly to the waiter, ordered two more plates.

The middies left with empty pockets, but haughtily conscious that they had saved the honor of the American navy.

AN ANCIENT HIGHWAY.

England's Great North Road Is Two Thousand Years Old.

Before we reached Hatfield, a few miles out of London, we had already been impressed with the magnificence of this Great North road, which is said to have been built by Mr. Caesar, whose headquarters were in Rome at the time. It is the direct route from London to Edinburgh and has been traveled for so many centuries that the earliest histories of England contain accounts of the movement of troops upon it. It is a great thoroughfare for vehicles of all sorts, motorists and cyclists, and in these modern days there are well worn footpaths along either side for pedestrians. We passed scores of motors, and I was told while in England that the popularity of motoring had noticeably diminished the number of first class travelers by rail. We found the road for its entire length of 240 miles in perfect condition. In many portions the macadam is said to be nine feet thick. Long sections of the road are level, and on no part of it was there any appreciable amount of dust. There are few sharp curves, and the grades are so slight that it has become a great thoroughfare for speeders, with the result that there are many police traps for which one has to watch. We found that we could stop in almost any little village and get information as to just where the traps were located—as, for instance, they told us at Biglieswade, which is a better looking place than its name, to look out for traps just the other side of Buckden and again in approaching Weston.—Frank Presbrey in Outing Magazine.

Sure Enough Hogs.

Mose, the darky cook of a party of surveyors in eastern Texas, was greatly annoyed by the razorback hogs that roamed around the camp. One evening while he was at the spring a particularly ravenous band of these "piny woods rooters" raided the cook tent and ate up everything that was edible and some things that weren't. For several moments after his return from the spring Mose could find no words to express his feelings. "Waal," he finally exclaimed, "de good Lawd sutinly knowed his business when he named hawgs 'hawgs!' Dey sho' is hawgs!"—Everybody's Magazine.

Amenities of the Fair Sex.

Mrs. A.—I thought Mrs. C. was a friend of yours. Mrs. B.—And so she is. Mrs. A.—Well, she isn't. She's a hypocrite. Mrs. B.—How do you know that? Mrs. A.—Because she tried to get me to say something mean about you. Mrs. B.—She did? How? Mrs. A.—Why, she asked me to tell her what I really thought of you.—Chicago News.

His Qualifications.

"He's talking now of becoming an actor."

"Why, he hasn't any qualifications, has he?"

"Oh, yes; a friend of his died recently and left him a fur lined overcoat and high hat."—Philadelphia Press.

Slow Mover.

Blobbs—See that messenger boy reading the dime novel. He hasn't moved for an hour. Slobbs—What an ideal chess player he would make.—Philadelphia Record.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup—the cough syrup that tastes nearly as good as maple sugar and which children like so well to take. Unlike nearly all cough remidies, it does not constipate, but on the other hand it acts promptly yet gently on the bowels, through which the cold is forced out of the system, and at the same time it allays inflammation. Always use Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

THE WORLD OF HOMER.

Ancient Idea of the Earth and Its Margin of Water.

Let us consider for one moment what the idea of the world was not, indeed, at the earliest period of which we have any knowledge, but at the dawn of written history or of written history among that Indo-Germanic people whose descendants have overspread so much of the earth. The world of Homer was a small, flat surface, in which civilization was hemmed in by foreign races, who again were surrounded by a great ocean or river over which no man had ever passed. The world of which Homer had any definite notion was Greece—a Greece which hardly extended as far as the Balkans on the north and which scarcely included the Levant and the islands in the Aegean sea. No doubt he had some general acquaintance with a world beyond these narrow limits. He knew, at any rate, some of the leading features of northern Africa. He had heard, as was only natural, of Egypt, whose civilization had made such marked advances and was exercising so much influence. He had some knowledge of the great river on whose recurring floods Egypt depends for her prosperity. He had even heard of the pygmies and of the Ethiopians who dwelt higher up its stream. Some reports had reached him of southern Italy. But it is hopeless to attempt to fit the geography of Homer to the actual facts. If a man were to search today for the precise spot on which Captain Lemuel Gulliver was wrecked in the first of his famous voyages he would find that the Lilliput of Swift was in the heart of Australia, and much in the same way, to quote Mr. Gladstone's language, "the key to the great contrast between the outer geography of Homer and the facts of nature lies in the belief of Homer that a great sea occupied the space where we know the heart of the European continent to lie."

It is another indication of the smallness of Homer's world that the ten years' war, of which he has given us the splendid episode, was not, as even Herodotus has described it, one of the spelling chapters of the great struggle which has endured throughout historic times between east and west, but a contest between men of common origin. It is not a mere poetical license which makes Greeks and Trojans address one another in the same language. Yet the world of Homer, small as it seems to us, seemed large to him. Compared with the mighty oceans which men now traverse the Mediterranean is but a little landlocked sea. The Mediterranean of the "Iliad" was only the Aegean, yet for Homer it had terrors which the Atlantic has not for us.—Sir Spencer Walpole in Contemporary Review.

Jack's Lucky Bag.

The annual publication of the Midshipmen at Annapolis goes by the name of "The Lucky Bag," even as that of the corps of cadets at West Point bears the military appellation of "The Howitzer." On board ship is kept what is called a lucky bag. Into this are put all sorts of articles that are left around the decks or out of their proper places by the men. At the end of each month the lucky bag is opened, and the men who have lost different articles gather around it in the hope that they have been lucky enough to have had their possessions find their way into the lucky bag. At the end of the month the bag generally is filled with a great variety of articles. In it are jackknives, pairs of shoes, plugs of chewing tobacco, sewing kits, caps, photographs, writing materials, and so on through practically the entire list of the sailor's possessions.—New York Tribune.

Deplorable Levity.

"We students can stand a good many things," said the college girl, "but this last missionary was too much for us. He preached on the glories of the missionary calling for women. He told us we ought all of us to go and help the heathen. That was all right.

"But then he worked up to a glowing finish. 'Now, I appeal to you, as college women, how much better than mere learning and mere books it is to go forth into the world and become fishers of men!'

"That was too much. Of course we smiled. In fact, some of us snickered audibly. Then the missionary complained to 'prexy' that he couldn't help noticing a deplorable spirit of levity apparent among the students."—Philadelphia Ledger.

America on Top.

Some years ago, while on a tour through Europe, Sir Henry Roscoe paid a visit to Vesuvius, which was at the time in eruption. He there met an American, who spoke in deprecatory terms of the magnificent spectacle.

"Well," remarked Sir Henry, "when all is said and done, you have nothing like this in America."

"No," replied the other, "but we have a river that would put the whole darned thing out in five minutes."

On Terra Firma.

"What does become of all the pins?" cried Mrs. X. as she vainly sought for one on her dressing table.

"I know, mamma," cried her little son, who had just begun to study Latin. "They fall to the earth and become terrapins."—Harper's Weekly.

This Earthly Stage.

"The sun," remarked the kindly citizen, "shines for all."

"And that's what worries some people," averred the caustic citizen. "They seem to think the sun ought to be handled as a spot light."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The first mail steamer from England arrived in New South Wales in 1853.

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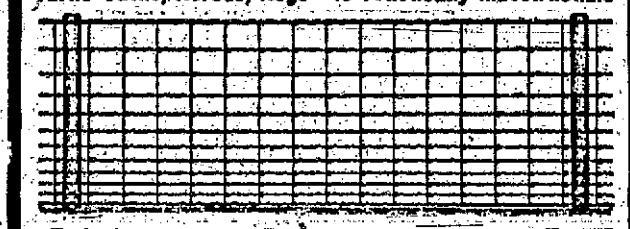

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Grange News.

The Miner will be pleased at any time to receive and publish items of real interest from any Grange in the county. All we ask is that correspondents be brief and confine themselves to news items of general interest.

FARMERS VALLEY.

(Written by Mrs. M. A. Caldwell.)

Farmers Valley, April 4, 1908:—Meeting called to order by W. M., W. P. Beckwith, at 8 p. m. Reading and adopting of minutes. Installing of Brother Frank Hackett as Worthy Assistant Steward by ex-Worthy Master James Bray. Brother Hackett fills the vacancy made by the resignation of Brother Clarence Tyler. Recess. Next came Lecturer's hour with singing by Grange. Remarks by Sister Estella D. Otto, "The Kind of Husband that Cause Marriage to be a Failure." Discussion, "The Hardest Kind of Work that Women Do." Discussion opened by Juliette Roeder. Music, Sister Laura Otto. Talk, "Why Women Are Paid Less Wages Than Men," Sister Lura Day. Singing, Sister Henrietta Stull. Sister Mable Galpin was not present to deliver her recitation. "At How Early an Age should a Girl be Taught to Sew and Cook?" Sister Sarah Cook. "Why Can a Man Never Find Anything in the House?" Sister Mary Caldwell. Singing, Grange. Paper, "Would Mother's opinion be worth more if she had a vote like Father?" Sister Henrietta Stull. A treat was served by the Brothers consisting of warm sugar, biscuits and hot coffee. The evening's exercises closed with the understanding that there would be no meeting next Saturday night as the primaries meet in the hall. An interesting paper, written by Mrs. Fannie Steinhauer, will appear in this column next week.

Program, by Worthy Lecturer Martha Beckwith, for April 18th—Singing by the Grange. Reading, Sister Roeder. Discussion, "Can as large a crop of oats be raised by harrowing or cultivating corn stubble as by plowing and harrowing?" opened by A. R. Cory. Song, Aletha Stull. "Which is the greatest advantage to the farmer, the telephone or the rural mail delivery?" Brother Otto. Recitation, Wesley Reader. Music, Dorothy Decker. Reading, Brother George Tyler. Roll call, "How I make my garden." Recitation, Frank Hackett.

Farmers Valley, April 4, 1908:—Those who attended the Pomona Grange at Port Allegany from this place were W. M., W. P. Beckwith, W. L., Martha Beckwith, Mrs. M. A. Caldwell, Overseer Juliette Roeder and Mrs. J. C. Stull. The three latter boarded the morning train and were joined at Coryville by Brother Howden and Mrs. Mary D. Howden, Brother John Stull, wife and daughter, Mrs. Edward Champlain, Mrs. Burdette Bray and Mrs. Ella Holmes. We were a jolly crowd. Brothers D. C. Young, J. W. Lee and Guy H. Mayo of Smethport were also en route for Pomona Grange. When we arrived at Port Allegany many of the Patrons met us at the station and led the way to the hall, and on entering we found the rooms beautifully decorated with flowers and ferns and the walls draped with flags, giving a pleasant and inviting appearance, reassured by the large banner on the wall bearing the words, "Welcome P. of H." The device was composed of green on a background of white and was a true expression of the cordial welcome which all received. The hospitality of Liberty Grange will long be remembered, as well as the kindness of others who helped to compose the large gathering. There were 145 persons in the hall. The following five Granges were represented: Liberty, Centydale, Valley, Coryville and Fidelity. Few if any can do justice in the rehearsal of the affair, unless it be Sister Mary D. Howden, which would be well for the editor to copy in her writings. However we will say that we were royally entertained and hospitably received and enjoyed a most profitable and pleasant time. We hope to soon meet our many friends and Patrons, and that we may be able to return the compliment.

General News.

A warm sugar social will be held at the Hall by the members of the M. P. A., Friday, April 17.

Sunday school at 2 o'clock at the church, followed by preaching by the Rev. Jerome Smith. Young people's meeting in the evening.

The scribe being out of town on March 13, the supper night of the Grange, when we had such a pleasant gathering, with company, she failed to give an account.

Mrs. Eva Provin is entertaining Mrs. Lilly.

Chas. Decker has rented the Moore farm vacated by Vick Tyler.

Mrs. Jerome Smith is spending the week in Smethport.

The warm sugar social given for the benefit of the Rev. Jerome Smith on April 3rd, at the hall proved to be a pleasant affair, and about six dollars were realized. But we are sorry to say that Rev. Mr. Smith and wife were not present owing to the illness of Mrs. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Beckwith drove to Bradford Tuesday.

J. C. Stull and daughter, Alice, were visitors in Smethport Monday.

Mrs. M. A. Caldwell had business in Smethport Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Vick Tyler will move their household effects to Eldred this week to take up their residence on the Mitt Wright farm. We shall miss them very much.

30 days' trial $1.00 is the offer on Pinoules. Relieves back-ache, weak back, lame back, rheumatic pains. Best on sale for kidneys, bladder and blood. Good for young and old. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Inappropriate Songs.

"Our Sunday school superintendent once gave a lecture on inappropriate songs," says a musical director of an uptown church, "in which he told of visiting the primary room to find the infants lustily singing:

"My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run.

"And our presiding elder used to tell, with great glee, of a bishop who at a general conference retired with his committee to the anteroom to finish an important report, a song service to fill the gap. As the returning clergymen filed down the main aisle, headed by the bishop, the chorus came out on:

"See the mighty hosts advancing,
Satan leading on."

"But the most amusing incident that really came under my own observation was while assisting in a revival service in a small western town. The evangelist seemed to find in a very successful doctor of that place a subject for special and unusual effort. One evening, while he was earnestly exhorting the medical gentleman to come to the altar, an enthusiastic sister began singing:

"The great physician now is near.

"A smile ran through the audience, the doctor's eyes twinkled, and the divine himself with difficulty maintained a straight face. It is needless to add that there was no conversion that night."—Buffalo Times.

Oddities of Alcoholism.

Anecdotes of alcoholism were being narrated by a little group of physicians.

"One of my alcoholic patients steals when drunk," said a Philadelphian. "You should see the trophies he brings home. His valet is continually sneaking off of mornings with great parcels—overcoats, umbrellas, silver spoons, clocks—that his master, trembling in fear of arrest, has begged him to get rid of somehow."

"I have patients," said a New York specialist in dipsomania, "who in their intoxication steal only particular things. One man, an agnostic, steals Bibles. A woman steals gimlets. A young spinster steals baby things—little shoes and frocks, bottles and rattles, once even a perambulator."

"I had a case, an old lady," said a Kansan, "that I had worked over seventeen years—a hopeless case, it seemed. But she lost her money, and then they began to arrest her as a common drunk. Well, after she had been arrested a dozen times or so the magistrate said he was tired of seeing her about and instructed the police to take her to the river whenever they found her drunk and give her a cold dip. By Jove, that cured her. Two cold dips cured her. She has been sober now, my old patient, almost three years."—Minneapolis Journal.

A World of Half-Built People.

The world is full of half-built people. If any one doubts this, let him or her visit a Turkish bath and note the number of people who are flat in the chest, round in the back, ponderous as to paunch and heavy in the jowl—people with outstanding shoulder blades and flat feet.

Out of a thousand people in this country there could be found scarcely three who had really fine figures. I make this statement advisedly after many years of careful observation. And why is this so? Why are there so few people in this country, in the civilized world, who have bodies that are not a travesty of him in whose image they are supposed to be created?

The reasons are many, but may be grouped under one phrase—unhygienic and unwholesome conditions of living. Among these conditions may be mentioned dietary errors—food that is excessive in quantity, variety or frequency as to meals and food taken under improper conditions either of mind or body.—W. R. C. Latson, M. D., in Outing Magazine.

How to Get Poorer Quicker.

We hear a great deal about get-rich-quick schemes, but if you want to get poor quick go into Wall street without a level head or a lot of experience, play the races, take a flier in the schemes you see advertised, in mines and oils and real estate—not that they are all bad, but most of them are not good. Some time ago a New York man discharged a valuable employee because he played the races. When asked if he thought gambling wrong, he said:

"It isn't so much that, but I am convinced that a man who would make the loose, one-sided contract required by a bookmaker is not competent to take care of his own interests or those of anybody else."—Success Magazine.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee.

"Specially Blended Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at

20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

E-768

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

The Equitable Life Society

Is the Strongest Financial Institution in the World.

The Pittsburg agency wrote $1,957,000 of new business in November, breaking all records, and $12,000,000 in 1907.

Because of Unquestioned Stability it is the most popular insurance company in the Pennsylvania field.

A policy now will be a safe investment and present for your family.

Send me me your name and address.

L. FOSDICK,

Frick Bldg. Pittsburg

C. A. BURDICK, Local Agent

Sundays and Holidays.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to work Sundays and Holidays? That is the tireless, ceaseless way that money at interest will work for you, and it will never go on a strike. Why should you do all the hard work? Set your money to working for you. Interest is its wages and its pay is sure.

Grange National Bank of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT,

FISH

Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, April 9, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Get out the vote!

—Primaries next Saturday.

—The trout-fishing season opens next Wednesday.

—"The Missouri Girl," is the attraction at the Lyceum one week from tonight.

—St. Elizabeth's fair commences one week from next Monday and will continue six nights.

—Odd Fellows all over the county are making preparations to celebrate their anniversary at Bradford, April 27.

—Bolivar has five case of scarlet fever and every precaution is being taken to prevent a further spread of the disease.

—Johnsonburg continues to suffer from the ravages of the "fire bug." A reward of $200 is offered for his detection.

—C. W. Barrett, a veteran printer and publisher of Elk county, died in Ridgway a few days ago. He was nearly 61 years of age.

—Mrs. Enos Carr entertained the Lady Maccabees at cards at her home on Bank street last Thursday evening. Mrs. Wm. Shores won the first prize and Mrs. Lizzie Holder was awarded the consolation prize.

—Deputy Great Sachem W. A. Ostrander of Smethport installed the officers of Piomingo Tribe, I.O.R.M., in Bradford last Thursday evening. A. A. Abbey of this place was also in attendance at the exercises.

—The Kane postoffice has recently been installed in commodious new quarters in the Cohn block, and the patrons, as well as Postmaster Rogers and his assistants, are much pleased with the new location.

—"The Holy City," as produced by Clarence Bennett and an able company, will be the attraction at the Lyceum next Tuesday evening, April 14. Both Mr. Bennett and his play are popular in Smethport and should be greeted with a crowded house.

—The Potter Democrat announces that another newspaper will soon be established in Coudersport. It will be called the Coudersport Republican, and M. J. Ostrander, at one time editor of the Enterprise, will be editor and proprietor of the new venture.

—The Big Level Grange was organized at Mt. Jewett one day last week with sixteen members. The new organization is composed of people who will take an active interest in the work and it is safe to say that within a very few weeks the membership will be doubled.

—A deplorable accident happened at Portland Mills, Elk county, last Tuesday afternoon. John Huckenburg, night watchman at the kindling wood factory was cleaning his revolver, when the weapon was accidentally discharged and the bullet struck his 5-year-old daughter near the heart, killing her almost instantly.

—John and Clarence Hixenbaugh of Shinglehouse have been taken into custody charged with being implicated in the recent burglaries there. The Potter Democrat says that three other members of the gang are residents of Smethport, but this statement cannot be verified, and the general opinion is that the Democrat is mistaken.

—Sylvia Barretto was found not guilty of complicity in the murder of Pietro Randazzio, which occurred near Salamanca last January. This verdict was delivered at Little Valley, N. Y., Friday night and occasioned much surprise. Salvatore Randazzio, who was recently found guilty of murder in the first degree for his part in this crime, has been sentenced to be electrocuted on May 11th, at Auburn.

—The Franklinville, N. Y., Journal has the following to say regarding the deep well that is being drilled by Bradford people: "The well is now down 3,820 feet or 320 feet farther than it was first expected to go. And yet there are no indications of the Medina sand, or oil either. Four different formations of salt have been found recently, each one from 20 to 30 feet thick and about 40 feet apart. The company will continue to drill to a depth of at least 4,000 feet and it is quite possible they will go even farther."

—The Mt. Jewett Herald remarks as follows: "Glass factory shut down for the past year; furniture factory shut down April 1st, and no immediate prospect of either of them starting up again. This leaves a community of 2,000 people dependent upon a single tannery employing about 75 or 80 persons, and such manna as the good Lord may shower upon us by the hand of our neighbors. Fine condition; fine prospect for a community with more actual advantages than any other in this section. A community boasting everything required but one—a few men."

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Confectionery is popular because it is THE BEST.

Always Fresh and Delicious. All varieties for all occasions.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

The McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday April 9, 1908.

Announcements.

CONGRESS.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Member of Congress from the 25th district, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

CHARLES F. BARCLAY.

Shinemahoning, Clinton Co., Pa., Feb. 8, 1908.

STATE SENATOR

Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of State Senator in the 25th District, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held April 11th.

GEO. W. WILLIAMS.

Wellsboro, Pa., Jan. 21, 1908.

Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of State Senator in the 25th District, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held April 11th.

P. E. BALDWIN.

Austin, Pa., Jan. 30, 1908.

ASSEMBLY

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Member of Assembly from McKean county subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11.

JAMES A. MCKEAN.

Smethport, Pa., July 27, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Member of Assembly from McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11.

ROBERT P. HAMLIN.

Bradford, Pa., Jan. 27, 1908.

SHERIFF

EDITOR MINER: You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the office of sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

W. H. MORRISON.

Smethport, Jan. 15, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 11th.

J. F. DAVIS.

Bradford, Jan. 21, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 11th.

E. W. JONES.

Smethport, Jan. 21, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

JOHN W. MCKNAIS.

Hale, Pa., Feb. 24, 1908.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of District Attorney for McKean County on the Republican ticket, at the primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

GUY B. MAYO.

Smethport, Pa., March 4, 1908.

PROTHONOTARY

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 11th.

B. FINNEGAN.

Smethport, Jan. 21, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Prothonotary of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

A. B. WALKER.

Smethport, Feb. 17, 1908.

RECORDER.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Recorder of Deeds of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries on April 11th, 1908.

H. M. CHAPPE.

Smethport, Pa., February 3, 1908.

REGISTER OF WILLS, ETC

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held April 11, 1908.

JOHN B. EASTMAN.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 4, 1908.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner at the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

JOHN A. PETERSON.

Bradford, Jan. 3, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for County Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held April 11, 1908.

P. D. HOPKINS.

Kane, Jan. 3, 1908.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

OSCAR ENGSTROM.

Smethport, Jan. 7, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries

W. J. OUTLEY.

East Smethport, Pa., Jan. 4, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

C. W. FREEMAN.

Smethport, Jan. 8, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce my name as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republicana primaries.

JOHN J. MCCAREY.

Annin Township, January 14, 1908.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

A. M. MARSH.

Bradford Township, Jan. 14, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

A. M. BOARDMAN.

Bradford, Pa., Jan. 25th, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the action of the Republican voters at the primaries, April 11th.

DELOS ARMSTRONG.

Bradford, Jan. 30, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic voters at the primaries, April 11th.

M. S. COMES.

Keating Township, Jan. 16, 1908.

COUNTY AUDITOR

Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April the 11th, 1908.

A. R. ANDERSON.

Clermont, Pa., Jan. 10, 1908.

EDITOR MINER: Please announce that I am a candidate for County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries:

J. H. STULL.

East Smethport, Pa., Jan. 28, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Auditor of McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held April 11, 1908.

E. G. MCFALL.

Eldred, Pa. Feb. 14, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Auditor of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, April 11th, 1908.

A. A. AMERY.

Smethport, Pa., March 17, 1908.

CLERK OF THE COURTS

THE MINER is authorized to announce the name of Frank R. Foster of Smethport as a candidate for Clerk of the Courts of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, to be held in April next.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 30, 1907.

I hereby announce that I am a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Courts of General and Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer, of McKean County, subject to the Republican primaries to be held April 11th, 1908.

BERT J. CUMMINS.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 3rd, 1908.

DELEGATE.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the position of delegate to the Republican National Convention, subject to the decision of the Republican voters of the 21st Congressional district at the primaries to be held April 11. If chosen as a delegate I will support for the presidency the man whom I believe to be most likely to represent and put into effect the policies of Theodore Roosevelt and the true principles of the Republican party.

LEWIS EMERY, JR.

Bradford, Pa., March 21, 1908.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Delegate to the National Republican Convention, subject to the action of the Republican voters of the 25th Congressional District. If elected I shall endeavor to represent the best interests of the district, and act in accord with the National Administration.

Sincerely yours,
April 8, 1908. W. FRED REYNOLDS.

It is pretty generally understood that Kane is the most enterprising, progressive and all around business town in this section of the State. That borough a few years ago bonded itself to the limit for pavements and other improvements and later had the assessed valuation of property within its limits nearly doubled in order that said borough might issue more bonds for more improvements. Kane is not suffering from its bonded indebtedness, and it might be a good thing for Smethport.

Evelyn Thaw is to be commended in her effort to shut off the free advertising which certain New York hotel men have been obtaining by refusing to serve her at their tables. Mrs. Thaw is an unfortunate young woman in many ways, but it is an even bet that her morals are just as good as those of many persons who are fed daily without question, at swagger hotels. The old-fashioned pastime of casting stones at women is still a popular form of activity, but it is peculiarly out of place for a New York boniface to take it up as an advertising proposition.—Bradford Era.

In the proper place this week will be be found the announcement of W. Fred Reynolds of Bellefonte, Pa., as a candidate to the National Convention. Mr. Reynolds is a man who enjoys the respect and admiration of all who know him, and is sure to make a good man for this position. In his announcement he says that he will act for the best interests of this district and in accord with the National Administration. Although Mr. Reynolds waits almost until the eleventh hour to introduce himself to the voters of this county, indications are that he will receive a good vote in this section of the district.

Anarchy all over the country is receiving the strict attention of law and order forces. Big, disorderly meetings are being discouraged, and the presence of a number of able-bodied policemen does much in the way of dampening the ardor of these enemies of public safety. The fact cannot help but be apparent that cowardice is a prevailing trait in anarchistic circles. Fanatics of this stamp have not the courage to face the law. Sneaking about under cover of darkness or in the protection of a crowd and throwing a bomb, cannot under any circumstances be called courageous, and could the poor dupes of these so-called leaders be brought to realize this fact, a great step in the suppression of this evil would have been accomplished.

The killing of pretty Dorothy Yost, a 17 year-old girl by Samuel L. Gardner, aged 57 years, at McKees Rocks, Monday morning, was a shocking crime and the final touch of horror was given when the man turned the revolver upon himself and ended his own life. Gardner, was one of the leading men of the community, prominent in church work and generally respected. He became wildly enamored of the girl two years ago, and since that time has lavished presents upon her. He was living near the home of the girl with his third wife, and on Monday his jealousy having been aroused by the attentions the girl was receiving from admirers near her own age, he went to her home and fired several shots into her body, and then turned the weapon upon himself. Relatives of Gardner say they hope to prove it was a case of double suicide, but the location of the wounds on the body of the girl do not bear out the theory

---

NEXT Saturday the voters of the county will have a chance to name their tickets for the campaign. Republicans, Democrats, Prohibitionists and Socialists have tickets in the field and many worthy and capable men are in the hands of their friends. The candidates who have announced themselves in the MINER desire the support of its readers. The others who have not, feel that they can do without it. Last week the MINER made a brief mention of each of the candidates announced at that time and there is little doubt but that the successful ones on the Republican ticket will be found in that list. Two Democratic candidates for County Commissioner have made known their wishes through this paper and they are competent and reliable men who are worthy of the support of their party. Every qualified voter in the county should visit the polls next Saturday and cast his ballot as his conscience dictates, and may the best man win.

—Kodol For Dyspepsia has helped thousands of people who have had stomach trouble. This is what one man says of it: "E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill.—Gentlemen—In 1897 I had a disease of the stomach and bowels. I could not digest anything I ate and in the spring of 1903 I bought a bottle of Kodol and the benefit I received from that bottle all the gold in Georgia could not buy. I still use it occasionally as I find it a fine blood purifier and good tonic. May you live long and prosper. Yours very truly O. N. Cornell, Roding, Ga., Aug. 27, 1906."

When a man writes as I you think he means it? Mr. S. ... Williams, Powderly, Texas, says, "I ... suffered for years with kidney and bladder trouble, using ever preparation I came across and taking many prescriptions all without relief until ... tion was called to Pilenles. After 30 days' trial ($1.00) I am feeling fine." Money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

All pattern hats and trimmed and embroidered hats at cost and in some cases below cost from now until further notice at Mrs. Carrie Reilly Clark's millinery store. 5tf

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SMETHPORT LYCEUM

Thursday, April 16, '08

FRED RAYMOND'S

Everlasting Domestic Comedy Success

"THE MISSOURI GIRL."

A Tale of Joy, Sorrow and Amusement of Simple Country Folk.

HANDSOMELY STAGED
CLEVERLY PORTRAYED

Come and Laugh with "ZEKE" and "DAISY."

PRICES: 75, 50, 35 and 25 cents.

Seats on Sale at Wells' Drug Store.

BURDICK & SARTWELL

PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Ordinance No. 71.

Granting to Frank H. Lowrie, his successors or assigns, the right to supply persons, partnerships and corporations within the Borough of Smethport, with light and power by means of electricity, and giving said Frank H. Lowrie the right to use the streets, lanes and alleys of said city for the purpose of erecting and maintaining such poles, wires and apparatus as may be necessary for such purposes

BE IT ENACTED AND ORDAINED by the Chief Burgess and Town Council of Smethport, Pa., in regular session met, and it is hereby enacted and ordained by authority of same.

Section I. That Frank H. Lowrie, his successors and assigns, shall have the right at all times to supply such persons, partnerships and corporations within the Borough of Smethport as may desire the same, with light and power by means of electricity, for either purpose except for electric street railway, at such prices as may be agreed upon, together with the right to make, erect and maintain the necessary buildings, machinery and apparatus for manufacturing and distributing the same.

Section II. Said Frank H. Lowrie, his successors and assigns, shall also have the right to use the streets, lanes and alleys of said borough for the purpose of erecting and maintaining such poles, wires and other apparatus as may be necessary in order to transact the business as mentioned in Section I of this ordinance.

Section III. The rights and privileges hereby conferred are granted to Frank H. Lowrie, his successors and assigns, exclusively for the term of 15 years from the date of the passage of this ordinance—excepting the Borough of Smethport reserves unto itself the right and privilege at any time during the existence of the franchise of supplying itself with electric or other light for its streets and buildings, and of furnishing electric or other light to such persons, firms, companies or corporations in the Borough of Smethport as may desire the same, upon such terms and conditions as may be agreed upon between the borough and persons, firms, companies or corporations, so desiring such light and of making, erecting and maintaining the necessary machinery and apparatus for manufacturing the same.

Section IV. The said Frank H. Lowrie, his successors and assigns, shall at all times be subject to such reasonable rules, regulations and ordinances as the Chief Burgess and Council of said borough may prescribe affecting its business and operations within the limits of said borough and to existing ordinances relating to manual line on poles and wires.

Section V. This permission is hereby granted, with express understanding that the said Frank H. Lowrie, his successors and assigns, shall be responsible for and save the Borough of Smethport harmless from all loss or damage occuring to any person, partnership or corporation that may be injured by reason of its operations, or by the maintenance of their poles and wires and other apparatus upon the streets, lanes and alleys of the Borough of Smethport; and with the further understanding that said Frank H. Lowrie, his successors and assigns, shall cause as little inconvenience to the public in the Borough of Smethport, in the use of the streets, lanes and alleys occupied by its poles and wires, as possible, under penalty of forfeiting the rights and privileges hereby conferred.

Section VI. This permission is hereby granted, with the express understanding that the work of construction and installation of the plant will be commenced on or before January 1, 1909, and prosecuted to completion with reasonable diligence, of which the council shall be the judge, otherwise the rights hereby granted shall be void.

Section VII. This permission is hereby granted with the express understanding that said Frank H. Lowrie, his successors and assigns, will furnish to the Borough of Smethport such number of arc or street lights as may be required, at the annual price or charge per light not exceeding the average price paid from time to time for like service in the boroughs of Kane, Coudersport, Emporium and St. Marys, Pennsylvania.

Section VIII. The said Frank H. Lowrie shall file a written acceptance of this ordinance, in such form as shall be approved by the Borough Solicitor, with the Chief Burgess within thirty days after the approval hereof by the Burgess, and unless this acceptance is so filed this ordinance shall not go into effect.

W. G. HOLBURN, Sec'y of Council
E. E. HEATH, President Pro tem
Approved April 7, 1908
EDGAR W. STRONG, Burgess.

More light
Less trouble
No smoky chimneys
No charred wicks

Family Favorite Oil

The bright white light—the oil that's best for illuminating purposes.

Always the same—colorless—odorless—no sediment.

Safe—150 degrees fire test.

Costs same as tank wagon oil but infinitely better.

YOUR DEALER HAS IT.

Waverly Oil Works

Independent Refiners
Oils for All Purposes
PITTSBURG, PA.

Executor's Notice.

Estate of Ann Reilly, deceased, late of Smethport borough, McKean county, Pa.

Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

M. E. GREEN, executor.
Smethport, Pa., March 25, 1908.

ManZan Reaches the spot. Stops pain. The Great Pile Remedy. Put up in tubes with rectal nozzle. 50 cents.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

EASTER EXCURSION

$10.60 from SMETHPORT

TO

ATLANTIC CITY
CAPE MAY

WILDWOOD, SEA ISLE CITY, OR OCEAN CITY,
New Jersey

THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1908

Tickets good going on train leaving at 4.03 P. M. on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on return trip if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent
Tickets good to return within fifteen days

EASTER SUNDAY ON THE BOARDWALK

Full information of Ticket Agents

J. R. WOOD
Passenger Traffic Manager

GEO. W. BOYD
General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia

Do Not Fail to Call and Inspect Our

EASTER GOODS

All the most Exclusive Novelties of the Season.

MARY L. BISETT,

CITY STORE

$1 a week makes the path clear for putting a VICTOR into every home.

Why not see about getting yours today?

PALACE PHARMACY,
Burg Chadwick, M. D., Proprietor.

DR. E. R. BAKER,

DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS:
8:30 a. m. to 12 m.
1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

OPEN EVENINGS

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

New Spring Hats

Swell Clothing

New Neckwear

Everything up-to-date for Men.

We Like Lookers.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

ANDORFER & LYLE

We have a New Line of

FAXON'S COOKIES

17 Varieties

Try Them

ANDORFER & LYLE.

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

AB-SO-LUTE-LY!

The chances are that you can buy so-called Maple Syrup and Sugar at most any price.

If you want absolutely pure goods insist on their being branded according to law. Ours are pure.

Pure Maple Syrup.....$1.15 Gal.
" " Sugar, light.....15c per lb.
" " " dark.....12½c per lb.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S

Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

The Lindholm Co.

SKIRTS AND SUITS

Easter only a short way off and we are prepared to please you in Suits or Separate Skirts in Cloak Department. New Ones every day keep our Department up-to-date.

The Lindholm Company.

DALY & GARLICK.

Munsville Plows
Spring Tooth Harrows
Planet Jr. Hand Drills
Shovel Plows & Cultivators

JUST RECEIVED A CARLOAD OF
BARBED WIRE & ELECTRIC WELD FENCING

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, April 9, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Next Sunday is Palm Sunday.

—Easter one week from next Sunday.

—Vote favorably on the paving question.

—Fry & Comes have something new to tell you in their ad to-day.

—Andorfer & Lyle have something of interest to say about cookies in their advertisement to-day.

—Suits made to your order or sold from stock is the keynote of Monheimer's ad on this page.

—Daly & Garlick have a new and interesting change of ad to-day to which your attention is directed.

—Everybody is invited to attend the dance at the Lyceum next Saturday night. Tickets, 50 cents.

—Find out all about maple sugar and syrup and correct prices by reading A. E. Foster & Co.'s ad to-day.

—See ad concerning the "Missouri Girl," which is the attraction at the Lyceum next Thursday night.

—Geo. W. Brennan, the cash grocer, offers some bargains in his ad to-day that you cannot afford to overlook.

—At St. Luke's church services are announced for Holy week at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m. daily, with the usual additional services on Good Friday (17th) from 12 m. to 3 p. m. and at 7:30 p. m.

—A heavy wire netting has been placed along the guard rail of the Mechanic street bride as an extra precaution for the safety of children.

—E. C. Haynes of Driftwood has the thanks of the MINER for a fine picture of the Bucktail monument, which was recently erected at Emporium.

—An interesting ad in regard to "The Holy City," which comes to the Lyceum next Tuesday night, will be found in another column of to-day's issue.

—J. E. McEvoy, aged 58 years, one of the best known citizens of Bradford, died at his home in that city Monday morning. He is survived by his widow and five children.

—An effort will soon be made to organize the Smethport band on a self-supporting basis. There are a number of jobs in sight and local musicians hope for success in their project.

—Benjamin Reynolds of Coudersport recently celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday, and had as his guests at dinner Samuel Havens, aged 93, and Samuel Thompson, aged 86 years.

—The borough ordinance regarding the awarding of an electric light plant franchise to Frank H. Lowrie of Bradford will be found in another column and is of interest to all Smethport people.

—Thomas Goodwin, formerly a well known Bradford resident and hotelman, died at the home of his son, Thomas Goodwin, Jr., in Dallas, Texas, a few days ago. He was 84 years of age.

—Lenten devotions at St. Elizabeth's church: Sundays at 10:30 a. m., Mass and sermon; 7:30 p. m., Vespers (Stearns), sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Fridays, 7:45 p. m., Stations of the Cross and Benediction.

—High school athletes are busy getting into shape for the baseball season. The local school will be represented on the diamond by a strong team this year, and Elisha K. Kane has very kindly donated to them the use of Kane field for the season.

—Mrs. Craig Rose of Binghamton, N. Y., is critically ill at her home in that city. A report last night said that no hopes are entertained for her recovery. Mr. Rose formerly lived in Smethport and has many friends who express sorrowful regret, over the news of his wife's illness.

—Wild ducks have settled on Marvin creek several mornings this week within easy distance of watchful hunters and, as a result local sportsmen have been busy. L. D. Gifford of Mill street is the most fortunate hunter so far reported, he having killed three fine specimens at two shots yesterday morning.

—Do you believe in mud or paving? Are you willing to let the dollars you will have to pay in extra taxes stand higer in your estimation than the welfare of the town? Think it over, voter, and when you go to the polls next Tuesday see if you don't cast your ballot for paving, prosperity and progress.

—The Roulette Recorder asks its readers not to criticise the paper this week as the editor and devil were laid up with the grip and the editor's wife had to see to the publication of three different newspapers in as many different towns. Gee, but we thought the Recorder was better than usual this week, but of course don't dare say so under the circumstances.

—The pool tournament which has been conducted during the past few weeks at Heath's pool room came to an end Tuesday evening when Charles Leibel and Ed Glavin, high man out of 16 entries, played the final match of 100 balls. In spite of being handicapped 25 balls Glavin won easily and is therefore the champion of the tournament. He will receive a valuable one as a prize.

—Fred Purtle's orchestra, a new organization of first class musicians, will furnish music for the Catholic fair, April 20-25.

—G. H. Lyon of Mt. Jewett, who has been ill for the past ten days with pneumonia, took a turn for the worse the first of the week. His son, Paul P. Lyon, was sent for at Westerly, R. I., and arrived Tuesday evening. Mr. Lyon passed a comfortable day yesterday and strong hopes are entertained for his recovery.—Bradford Era.

—Rev. Mr. McCandless was called to Pittsburg on Monday by the serious illness of his sister, Miss Anna McCandless. Services at St. Luke's are suspended this week, except on Friday at 7:30 p. m. Sunday services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. (A telegram received from the Rev. Mr. McCandless yesterday contains the sad information that Miss Anna McCandless died Tuesday night.)

—There are fifteen members in the senior class of the Smethport High School, all of whom will probably graduate at the close of the term. Their names follow: Misses Bessie Engstrom, Belva Gerritt, Zola Brusted, Elfreda Carroll, Hazel McAllister, Ina Milroy, Aletha Stull, Edna Freeman, and Cora Schmit; Messrs. Wallace Bissett, Edward Glavin, Samuel Stull, James McGowan, Ralph Herzog and Frederick Specht.

—At the meeting of the State Educational Commission held in Bradford Friday last for the purpose of listening to suggestions relative to changes and modifications of our present school laws, representatives from several towns in the county were present and addressed the meeting. It was an interesting occasion, profitable to all concerned. The commission was appointed at the last session of the legislature and its members are to report their findings at the next session.

—Mayor R. J. Hoffman of Bradford took up the duties of his office Monday, the oath being administered by the retiring mayor, Dr. Winger. Various appointments were submitted to the council and all were unanimously confirmed except in the matter of re-appointing Burt McAllister as chief of the fire department, the vote standing three for and three against. Therefore Mr. McAllister's name was withdrawn and C. H. Henderson's presented, and the latter gentleman received unanimous endorsement.

—Coudersport is a town that was not afraid to spend money for paving. That town is not so very much larger than Smethport and it has several paved streets. The paved portion of its Main street is much longer than that proposed in Smethport and to judge by the tone of its newspapers the people are willing and anxious to pave more streets. Industrially it is no more prosperous than Smethport, but it has paved streets and electric lights. Why should Smethport revel in mud with this shining example so near?

—At the regular meeting of the borough school board on Monday night with all members present Prof. T. T. Allen was re-elected principal of the borough Schools for a term of three years. The following of the present staff were elected for one year: Carrie A. Day, Emma Tretton, Rose Allen, Grace V. Cunningham, Mable R. Foote, Agnes M. Barry, Anna K. Barry, Amanda Anderson, Rachel Mayo and Ethel Gifford. Miss Frances Campbell, who has been a faithful and successful teacher in the schools for a number of years, was not an applicant for re-election.

—The theory is advanced that only property owners should vote on the paving question as the burden of the taxes will fall upon them. The wage-earner makes the property-owner possible while he is progressing toward a home of his own. There are probably one hundred men in this town of voting age, at present owning no real estate, who in five or ten years will be property-owners and ready to pay their share of the paving tax. There are a number of men that own no real estate who spend more money and are of greater benefit to the town than a number of property owners. Of course this rule works both ways, but it all goes to show that every man has an equal right to vote upon the paving question, and can do so without feeling that he is intruding upon a matter which does not concern him.

—The MINER would like to toot its own horn for just a few lines. Like every other newspaper it was compelled to drop a number of subscribers April 1st to conform with the postoffice ruling but since that date, after failing to receive one issue of the paper, a pleasing percentage of these subscribers have settled their arrearages and are once more in good standing. Another fact is that the new subscribers added within the past six months will more than make good the number which will have to be dropped. From present indications the number of accounts upon which collection will have to be enforced will be surprisingly small. The MINER heartily appreciates the support and confidence, as well as the cheerful spirit manifested by its readers during the past few months of strenuous dunning, and it will be its constant aim and endeavor to continue to please its patrons in every branch of the business.

Notice.

All persons who are indebted to us are again requested to call and settle their accounts at once. Accounts that are not settled on or before April 15, will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. Mr. Sherburne will be at the store of George W. Brennan to make settlements.

HAGBERG & SHERBURNE.

For Sale.

A seven room house with bath. Good barn and lot. West Main street. For particulars apply at this office.

Personal Mention.

T. H. Purtle was an Olean visitor Monday.

Hon. James McKean was a visitor in Port Allegany Monday.

Harry Rubin is transacting business in New York city this week.

Mrs. Thomas H. Morrison is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Davis of Bradford.

Mrs. Alice McClure visited her daughter, Mrs. F. E. Baldwin, in Austin during the past week.

Miss Ella Cole of Farmers Valley left Friday for Brookville where she will visit for a few weeks.

Rex Gorton of Orange, N. J., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Gorton, of East King street.

Frank Seibert of Coudersport, who formerly lived here, is back in Smethport again, employed in the window glass factory.

Delos Armstrong of Bradford was in town Monday looking after his interests in regard to the nomination of County Commissioner.

Ben F. Starsky was in Bradford and other places this week looking after his canvass for the Republican nomination for prothonotary.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield, E. E. Andrews and O. C. Choate were among the Smethport visitors in Bradford Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Blake of Bradford were in town Tuesday on their way to Eldred, called there by the illness and subsequent death of Mr. Blake's father.

Mrs. C. B. Corwin returned from Bradford last evening, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. H. F. Grabe and daughter, who will spend a couple of weeks in town.

Oscar Engstrom visited Mt. Jewett and other places this week looking after his interests regarding his nomination as county commissioner on the Republican ticket.

County Superintendent of Schools Burdette S. Bayle and F. D. Gallup, Esq., attended the meeting of the State Educational commission in Bradford Friday last.

W. I. Oviatt of East Smethport, Democratic candidate for the nomination of county commissioner, went to Bradford Tuesday as a start on the final round of his canvass.

J. F. Davis of Bradford, a popular candidate for the Republican nomination of sheriff, was in town Friday, and during his stay in town was a brief caller at this office.

Mrs. Geo. W. Mitchell and Mrs. T. F. Richmond, who have been guests of Mrs. Edward Jeffries of Mechanic street, returned to their homes in Smethport Friday.—Bradford Era.

Hon. Robert P. Halgood of Bradford, candidate for nomination and re-election to the Legislature was in town yesterday and made the MINER office a pleasant call. He departed for Hazelhurst this morning.

THE LYCEUM

TUESDAY, APRIL 14, 1908.

Clarence Bennett's

Most Striking Success of the Century

"THE HOLY CITY"

THE ORIGINAL "JOHN THE BAPTIST" PLAY

The most magnificent scenic production ever attempted by any firm of American managers.

Presented by a company of SELECT PLAYERS

PRICES: 75, 50, 35 & 25c

Seats on sale at Wells' Drug Store.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

IF YOU ARE READY

for your Spring Suit or Top Coat, come here now.

You'll find an assortment which, in extent and variety, has no match elsewhere. You find values that no other store can equal.

And Don't Forget

if we can't fit you in our elegant ready-to-wear clothes, we can make you a

Suit or Top Coat

to your order, at the same price as ready-made clothes — from $15.00 to $35.00.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

NEGLIGEE SHIRTS
1908 STYLES

Men, we want you to see the Cluett and Monarch Shirts for Spring and Summer.

For years Cluett, Peabody & Co. have been making good shirts for men. Every added years' experience being used for the betterment of the "Cluett" and "Monarch" products until to-day and investment of from $1.00 to $2.00 will secure all the comfort and service that twice the amount will procure in the made-to-order way. Why pay the difference?

A style for every occasion. $1.00 to $2.00.

COLLARS

The "Arrow Brand", of course. As "Cluett" and "Monarch" stand for the best in the way of Shirts, so "Arrow Brand" means Collar perfection. There is an Arrow Collar for every style of dress, every style of face, every taste, and they're just as right after laundering as before. 2 for 25c.

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Save Your Money by Trading at the Cash Grocery.

All can goods 1 to 3c less
Searchlight and Acme flour $1.55 a sack

Granulated Sugar 5 1-2c
Swift's Hams 11c

Telephone orders will receive prompt attention.

We wish to thank the people for the generous patronage they have extended to us, and hope we will continue to merit the same in future as in the past.

G. W. BRENNAN,
THE CASH GROCER.

LIST OF

Second-hand Cars Now on Hand for Sale Very Cheap

One Model H, White Steam Car, fine order, will sell very cheap.
" " F, " " " " " " " "
One light, 1904 White Steam Car, four passenger, fine running order, new tires, and recently repaired all through, price $550.00
One Model 8, Peerless 30 H. P. gasoline car, five passenger. Car in good running order..... price $550.00

F. H. Reed, General Sales Agent for McKean, Potter, Cameron, Elk and Clearfield counties, on and after January 1st, 1908, will have a first-class repair shop well equipped for all kinds of general repair work, and maintainence of Steam and other Cars. Expert workmen from factory. Your correspondence solicited.

F. H. REED, - - Clermont, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

CLIMBING A CHIMNEY

The Way the Steeplejack Does His Dangerous Work.

HIS APPARATUS IS SIMPLE.

A Couple of Bo'sn's Chairs, a Trio of L Shaped Iron Pegs, a Heavy Hammer and a Ball of Twine Will Take Him in Safety to the Summit.

In the climbing and repair of chimneys and steeples it is, as in so many of the upward steps of life, undoubtedly the first which counts, says the New York Times. Once set your man, with a ball of twine tucked in the pocket of his coat, safely astride the coping of the big brewery chimney which rears its bulk of brickwork perhaps 300 feet above surrounding roofs or on the apex of the steeple of a church, his arm around the weather vane's vibrating pole, and you have the means by which ropes, ladders, scaffolding and all the necessary structure for examination and repairs may be brought into place. To get the first man to the giddy summit—that is the question.

There was a day when this was not infrequently accomplished by what at first sight might appear the somewhat frivolous method of kiteflying. A kite having a goodly length of string attached to its tail was raised in the usual manner and gradually coaxed over the steeple or chimney under treatment, then drawn down until the tail string lay across the top. It was then merely a matter of time and patience to pass a rope over and haul up a man. But the method had obvious disadvantages. To draw the tail line successfully across a chimney top still more across the pointed spire of a church, often took more than one or two attempts. Moreover, there must be a fair wind blowing at the time and a large open space available close by in which to raise the kite—this last condition one not often found about the chimney stacks or steeples of a town. Another system was that of ladders built upward from the steeple's base, exceedingly cumbrous and, in the opinion of many modern steeplejacks, highly dangerous.

The man who on this morning stands beside us at the foot of a great shaft of brickwork towering skyward from the very center of a ruinous northern town will fly no kite, nor does a wagon load of sectional ladders wait his orders in the yard. A small man, sinewy and lean faced, is he, and all the trickle that he means to take with safety to the coping sixty yards above our heads has traveled to the scene of action in his pockets or his hands. On the ground before him are two bo'sn's chairs, or short planks, through holes at either end of which a rope is passed, forming a loop by which the chair may hang. Beside them lie three L shaped iron pegs or staples. The longer arm of each peg has a sharply pointed end and is nearly a foot in length; the short arm is but two or three inches long. The handle of a heavy hammer peeps from the pocket of our companion's coat, and that is all.

Taking a staple in his hand, he drives it into the chimney at a point breast high above the ground. On this he hangs a chair and, mounting, drives a second peg two or three feet above the first. On this the second chair is hung. The upright arm at a right angle to the peg precludes all danger of the rope slipping off. Nor do the chairs hang close against the shaft, for strips of wood projecting from each end insure a space in which the climber's legs are free to move. Now, stepping up into the second chair the steeplejack drives the last of his three pegs. Above him is a peg, below another one, on which hangs a chair. Leaning aside and down, he lifts this chair and hangs it above him on the topmost peg; leans down and with a twist of his fork headed hammer wrenches out the peg. This is less dangerous or difficult than might at first be supposed, for the pegs are never driven deeply in, having but the steeplejack's light weight to bear; and that only for a few minutes at a time, while should the hammer or a peg slip from his hand it is easily recovered by means of the ball of twine in his coat pocket and the watcher below.

Such is the system—the mere mechanical repetition of the movements just described—which has carried him safely to the top of many a giant stack. Arrived at the summit of the chimney he will find holdfasts built into the masonry—sometimes a massive bar or chain is stretched across the shaft—to which a rope and pulley blocks can be made fast. This done, he can descend and reascend at will, scaffolding can be slung and inspection and repairs be carried out.

At the Bargain Counter.

"That sharp tongued Miss Redpepp has been saying some mighty mean things about you and your wife."

"What, for instance?"

"Says you picked her up at a bargain counter."

"Great Scott, I did! She was the prettiest girl that ever stood behind one."—Chicago Tribune.

Generous.

Professional Faster—I should like to undertake a fast of four weeks in this show of yours. How much will you pay me, Showman—I can't give you any salary, but I will pay for your keep.—Fliegende Blatter.

There is as yet no method of progress known to men that is so rich and complete as that which is ministered by a truly great friendship.—Phillips Brooks.

THE MINER and
Tri-Weekly Tribune
One year for
$1.75 IN ADVANCE.

MUSIC AND THE MASSES.

Popular Opinion Should Be Equated to Be the Arbiter as to Merit.

Give me the approval of the masses, and I can survive without the aristocracy or the critics; not that the latter are to be despised or ignored, but their minority decision should not be final.

What makes or breaks great works on their first performance in Europe? Not the verdict of the aristocracy nor of the critics, but the masses, the common people. It is in the galleries that the battle is waged, with hisses and applause, and it is upon the prevailing opinion of this portion of the audience that the fate of a work depends. But in America, alas, the masses do nothing. It is the critic who assumes to tell this nation what is good work and what bad, and I believe and am daring enough to say that there is no man or small coterie of men capable of teaching a nation art. It needs the battle of minds among the people, and again I say, alas, our people, our masses, have not yet been musically educated, have not yet had an opportunity to live in the proper musical atmosphere.

One great drawback for the masses here is that the opera season lasts but a few months and that the prices of the limited number of representations during that brief period are so very high that the people generally cannot afford to go. It is dreadful to me to realize that it is the very people whose souls long for music and who sooner or later will, I believe, be the chief factors in building it up here as they have been in Europe and who are now denied the opportunity not only of satisfying themselves, but of lending their aid to the spread of art feeling and comprehension.—Mary Garden in Everybody's.

MOVING PICTURES.

Originated in the Spinning of a Coin by Sir John Herschel.

Sir John Herschel after dinner in 1826 asked his friend, Charles Babbage, how he would show both sides of a shilling at once. Babbage replied by taking a shilling from his pocket and holding it to a mirror. This did not satisfy Sir John, who set the shilling spinning upon the dinner table, at the same time pointing out that if the eye is placed on a level with the rotating coin both sides can be seen at once. Babbage was so struck by the experiment that the next day he described it to a friend, Dr. Ritson, who immediately made a working model. On one side of a disk was drawn a bird, on the other side an empty birdcage. When the card was revolved on a silk thread the bird appeared to be in the cage. This model showed the persistence of vision upon which all moving pictures depend for their effect. The eye retains the image of the object seen for a fraction of a second after the object has been removed. This model was called the thaumatrope. Next came the zoetrope, or wheel of life. A cylinder was perforated with a series of slots, and within the cylinder was placed a band of drawings of dancing men. On the apparatus being slowly rotated the figures seen through the slots appeared to be in motion. The first systematic photographs taken at regular intervals of men and animals were made by Muybridge in 1877.

Antiquity of Petroleum.

Though it is only within recent times that petroleum has become an article of commerce, there is abundant proof that it was used in the arts forty centuries ago. The mortar used in constructing the walls of Nineveh and Babylon had petroleum mixed with it for the purpose of securing greater cohesion and excluding dampness. Traces of the bituminous matter are very distinct in the ruins, and the existence of petroleum springs at Is, some 120 miles from old Babylon, indicates one source of the supply. In the ancient history of several eastern countries allusion is made in unmistakable terms to the existence of petroleum springs.—New York American.

Strong Room Perils.

Before now people have been shut in strong rooms and have had narrow escapes. On one occasion a locksmith was repairing an interior safe in the strong room of a New York bank when the cashier closed the vault door. As it was worked by a time lock it meant that the door would remain closed until the following morning. Fortunately the man knew the secrets of his stronghold and by opening a manhole was able to obtain a sufficient supply of air. He then made a pillow of a bag of dollar bills and composed himself to sleep until the door was opened next morning.—Strand Magazine.

Easy Shopping.

There is little trouble attached to shopping in Buenos Aires. When a citizen with a plethoric purse goes to market he buys his vegetables in piles without regard to quantity or quality. Nothing is bought by weight. If a man wants beef he simply tells the butcher he wants some meat, and he gets a chunk, pays the price and goes home satisfied.

Knew Where It Went.

"Are you one of those mean spirited men who ask their wives what they do with the money they receive?"

"Certainly not," answered Mr. Meekton. "I don't have to ask my wife. She plays bridge whist."—Washington Star.

Satisfaction.

"Why do you set your alarm clock? You never get up when it rings!"

"No, but I have the satisfaction of knowing I am sleeping late of my own free will and not by accident."—Exchange.

ManZan Pile Remedy comes ready to use, put up in a collapsible tube with nozzle attached. One application proves its merit. Soothes and heals, reduces inflammation and relieves soreness and itching. For all forms of piles. Price 50c. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

WORKED HIS WAY.

The Job an Energetic Student Took to Cross the Atlantic.

Jack had paid his way always. Out of the poverty of his childhood he had fought his way through the university. After graduation he felt he must see Europe, and with the little accumulation he had he "crossed the pond," trusting to good luck to get home again. But his trip of sightseeing over, he found himself in Liverpool without money and with no means of getting any.

He thought he would just go down to the steamship, go on board and see how it would seem if only he were going home.

As he wandered over the big liner his attention was attracted by a crying baby. The mother was traveling alone, and while she was attempting to see to all the thousand and one details incident to the beginning of an ocean trip the baby had resented the neglect he felt he had received and was crying. The mother was at her wits' end.

Jack's kind heart prompted him to say: "Let me take the baby, madam. Perhaps I can keep him quiet until your preparations are made."

This request, so unusual from a stranger and especially from a man stranger, naturally filled her with surprise, but she looked Jack squarely in the eye for a second and trusted him. "I wish you would," she said.

Jack's care was extremely satisfactory to his babyship, and when, in a half hour, the mother was ready to reclaim her child she found a happy baby cooing and trying to devour a bunch of keys at one gulp.

She laughed as she took the youngster and thanked Jack. Then she added, quite in fun, "I wish you were going clear across."

Jack saw his opportunity. He said: "Madam, I'm a college student, out of funds and longing for home. If you will pay my passage to America I will take care of your baby all the way across."

His proposition was accepted, and he kept his word. He is a prominent lawyer now, and he looks back with considerable amusement to his experience in getting home from Europe.—Youth's Companion.

MURDER OF THE SEAL.

The Way the Animals Are Slaughtered by the Hunters.

The ice echoes no footfalls, so the murder of the seal is a stealthy act. Yes, it seems like murder. On the pan tiles a whitecoat stands. Up to it lurches one of the hunters. Lifting his bat above his head, he measures the distance, then, swinging downward the lignified joint, he strikes the skull of the seal such a blow that it is crushed in as if of pasteboard. Tossing aside the bat and whipping out the sculping knife while the creature is still quivering, with a swift undercut and two or three side strokes the keen blade has severed the hide and the layers of fat beneath so they can be rolled into a pelt, the hide holding the fat in its folds. The next whitecoat is with its parents. Their hide is coarser, but worth having, so the gunner takes a quick aim, lodging a charge of shot in the head of the growling mate just at the base of the brain. Here the skull is thinnest. One of the hunters stands guard over the blowhole to prevent the mother from escaping, while another hats the cub. Then the female, who would desert her offspring to save her own life, is clubbed on the head. A few strokes of the knives and three more bloody carcasses crimson the ice. The pelt of the first seal is piled with the other three in a pan. The flagman sticks a flag by its side, and the hunters hurry forward, leaving the pelts to be towed back to the ship when the hunt is ended.

Thus the slaughter continues hour after hour until nightfall only ends the stroke of the bat and thrust of the knife. If it began at daybreak the field may be strewn with thousands of dead seals, for if the pan of ice is thronged with them, as is sometimes the case, a hundred men will kill ten times their number in a day, since most of the seals are harps, which seldom try to protect their young, and are slain without attempting to defend themselves.—Day Allen Willey in Metropolitan.

Bunions and Rank.

"It is extraordinary," writes Sir Henry Drummond Wolff in "Rambling Recollections," "to observe in England the weakness that most people have for boasting of their friends in high places and the deference that they show to them. The daughter of a lady of very high rank had some pain in her foot which the mother asked the governess to be good enough to look at. The latter after examining it said, 'If it were not for her ladyship's exalted rank I should say it was a bunion.'"

Sign of Precocity.

"I believe," declared the Irishman, "thot me youngest son's born t' be a surgeon."

"Phwat leads ye t' say thot?" asked his friend.

"Oi caught him usin' th' scissors on a book Oi'd lately bought an' before Oi c'd stop him he cut out th' appindix."—Bohemian.

Joy.

Joy in life is like the oil in the lamp—when the oil commences to fail, the wick burns with a glimmering red flame, filling the air about it with a black smoke. Life also without a little joy burns unprofitably, filling the air with depression and sadness.

The hawk eats the dove, but the hawk seems to be surrounded by as many dangers as the dove.—Atchison Globe.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

A HAND AT WHIST.

The Story of the Result Put Bridge Yarns in the Fish Class.

At an uptown bridge whist party a man member told this story while the company was taking a bite between rubbers: "I had heard of a man holding a complete suit, but I never saw it until last week. I was invited to play at Dr. Blank's home, and it was my deal at the start of the second rubber. I looked at my cards and could hardly believe my eyes. There were thirteen cards all of the same suit. 'Gentlemen,' said I, 'this is embarrassing. I hate to make the trump.'

"'Why?' was asked.

"'Well,' said I, 'if I were playing with people who knew me less well I would dislike to show my hand.'

"'Now, after all this fuss, what do you make it?'

"'Hearts,' said I."

"Quick as a flash the man at my left said, 'I double,' and then I realized that in my excitement I miscalled my hand—I had all diamonds. They made a grand slam and said a few things to me also."

The day after he had told the story the man received a postal card on which this was written:

"The old rule that an affidavit should go with every fish story and a pepsin tablet with every piece of amateur mince pie has been changed to include bridge whist stories in the fish class."—New York Tribune.

SPANISH THRONE ROOM.

Outrivals in Splendor Anything of the Kind in Europe.

The throne room of Spain outrivals in splendor any in Europe.

The ancient throne stands in the apartment known as the room of ambassadors. The decorations of this apartment include vast crystal chandeliers, huge tables inlaid with precious marbles, vast plate glass mirrors, gildings, rich hangings and above all the paintied ceiling representing the long line of Spanish kings in the various picturesque costumes of the provinces. Here Spanish kings receive on state occasions, and here, too, their bodies lie in state after death. The throne is of rich velvet, embroidered. Around it are grouped four great silver lions with their heads turned away as if guarding the occupant. Four broad steps lead up to the throne room from the polished floor of the room, and the crimson covered footstool is in itself a work of art.

In this room have been gathered for ages gurbs and gems from Spanish possessions the world over at a time when Spain was mistress of the world. And here in front of the throne hang chandeliers of rock crystal which have for generations been the envy of other European rulers.—Pearson's Weekly.

Witchcraft in India.

The belief in witchcraft is widespread in India, especially among the tribes low in the scale of civilization. The ojha, or exorcist, is an important member of the community. His mummeries and incantations impress not only the lower classes, but even orthodox Rajputs and Kayasths. He is paid to denounce witches, and, with the cunning of his class, he usually chooses harmless old women whose existence is rather a burden upon the village. Some of these women, however, have an implicit belief in their powers for evil as the villagers themselves. Murder frequently follows the denunciation.

"Whipped" From a Lunatic Asylum.

Among the amusing anecdotes told of parliamentary life Sir Henry Drummond Wolff in "Rambling Recollections" gives the following as an example of skillful "whipping."

"At the time of an important division a member happened to be confined in a lunatic asylum. Every vote was necessary. Arrangements were therefore made to deliver him at the house at the moment required, and he was received by the whip of his party, who induced him to walk through the lobby by preceding him with a stick of barley sugar in his hand. This I believe to be a perfectly true story."

Jack Ketch.

Jack Ketch has long been a synonym for the public executioner and is derived from Richard Jaquett, who formerly owned the Manor of Tyburn, now the ground upon which stands the marble arch and where the Bayswater and Edgware roads meet.

Here some few yards westward of the arch stood Tyburn tree, and to it and to the tender mercies of its owner and presiding genius, Jaquett, came the highwayman or the horse thief or the housebreaker in a tumbrel from Newgate.—London Mail.

A Canine Suicide.

"What has become of that fine greyhound your wife gave you?"

"Suicide."

"Honest?"

"Yes. He tried to nab a flea on the small of his back and, miscalculating, bit himself in two."—Exchange.

Pride Sets the Pace.

We are a great people because we make such a hullabaloo about the things to do, because we accomplish them to the music of the band. Our pride has set the pace, and it's our pride that keeps us up till we drop.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Brother Needed.

"But I shall always be a brother to you," he murmured.

"If I had any use for a brother," she replied sweetly, "I could reach under the sofa and get one right now."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Manner is everything with some people and something with everybody.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Can you lead a lead mine?

A tramp doesn't appreciate the honor of being bitten by a prize dog.

By sniffing the odors of a soap factory one would never guess as to the finished product.

Official whitewashing reports are not necessarily white lies.

The man up a tree doesn't see everything, for he is too busy swiping cherries.

People who are adepts at making promises often don't know what to do with them after they are made.

Few men have to disconnect their doorbells to have peace and quiet in leap year.

It would be a happier world if searching the pockets of husbands produced larger results.

Honesty seems to be a relative thing and to depend largely upon locality.

His Year.

The politician comes around
And grasps you by the hand
And tries to find out pleasantly
Where you are going to stand.
He treats you to a fat cigar,
And is polite and kind,
But never doubt, oh, little one,
He has an ax to grind.

He asks about the women folks
And how the kids progress
And mentions each of them by name
Correctly, more or less.
He wants to hear of Uncle John
And how old grandpa is,
But all the time he's chinking of
That little ax of his.

If there were no election near
He wouldn't be in sight,
Inquiring all about the crops
And if the price is right.
He'd be at home behind his desk,
Consulting with his clerk
To see how he could make a stake
Without a stroke of work.

The politician has a way
Of being on the spot
When there is something to be done
Toward furthering his plot.
He is a most alluring chap
When he is so inclined,
But you can bet your happy home
He has an ax to grind.

The Only Way.

"Got a dollar out of Brown yesterday."

"Chloroform or sandbag?"

* * *

"Are you fond of art?"

"I am, indeed."

"What form of it in particular?"

"Oh, my taste is simple."

"Yes?"

"I am most fond of the Goddess of Liberty done in silver."

Chance For Fame.

"That man never tells the truth."

"Does he talk much?"

"All the time."

"I've a scheme."

"What is it?"

"Let's hire him to talk about us."

Low Trick.

The dancer pays the fiddler
Unless he works his hand
In some dark, low and cunning way
To beat the band.

His Discharge.

"I can't see," said the boss.

"Anything the matter with your eyes?" solicitously inquired the pert clerk.

"Not at all. I see your finish this minute."

For Him.

"I hear the milkman is dead."

"Did he die a natural death?"

"Yes; water on the brain."

Looks Easy.

The flying problem we may solve
And quickly, don't you know,
If each and every one of us
A set of wings will grow.

Doesn't Need Any.

"He simply hasn't any judgment."

"But, then, you know he is married."

Not So Exciting.

"He is going at things pretty fast."

"Pretty slow amusement."

For a Chronic Disease.

"We are going to live in a tent this summer."

"For your health? Going to try to cure something?"

"Yes, to cure the rent bill of the habit of coming round."

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F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 383, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SANFORD L. FAY, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

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W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

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J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

B. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
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L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

ELIZABETH RIDDER, Com.
MISS A. A. ABBEY, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Church parlors.

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O. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 24, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
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Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

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Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Degan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

Earning His Fee.

By COLIN S. COLLINS.

Copyright, 1905, by M. M. Cunningham.

"What are you doing here, Alma?" demanded Blake as he ran across his little hostess in the conservatory.

Mrs. Thearle lifted a tear stained face to Blake's. In spite of her three unhappy years as the wife of Osmund Thearle, who had obligingly drunk himself to death in the third year and left her with her youth and a round million of dollars, Alma still was pathetically a child in many ways.

"It's perfectly horrid," she said sobbingly. "I had planned to have this dance a sensation, and now"—

"It is perfect," declared Blake warmly. "Every one is saying that the arrangements could not be improved upon."

"That's just it," was the tearful response. "It was all going so nicely, and now that horrid Count Cazman has spoiled it all."

"He has been annoying you!" Blake's face grew stern, and his hands clinched. Ever since they were children together he had loved Alma. That this somewhat reptilelike scion of nobility should offer her affront was not to be borne.

"He hasn't said anything to me," explained Mrs. Thearle, "but I don't believe that he is a count, for all of his splendid letters of introduction. He stole Bessie Vanlon's bracelet. You know the one I mean, the one with all the diamonds. I saw him slip it from her wrist. She does not know yet. She thinks she lost it. I have asked her to say nothing about it for the moment, and I came here to think what I could do."

"Send for a policeman," suggested Blake curtly.

He was resentful of the count's manner toward Alma, and he would be glad to see the public humiliation of his rival.

"Heavens, I can't do that!" gasped Mrs. Thearle. "Don't you see, Paul,

"I'D GLADLY PAY BESS THE COST," GASPED MRS. THEARLE.

that if I should even accuse the count he would make a scandal, and that is the last thing I would wish for at my first entertainment since—since"—

"Since freedom came," Blake finished for her. Thearle's death had been a matter of congratulation to more than his widow.

"It a sort of second debut," she ran on. "The count is a sort of star feature, and to have him discovered as a thief would be to make the whole affair a failure."

"So it would," agreed Blake, "and yet we cannot get that bracelet back without some sort of a scene. It's not fair to Bess to let him get away with the spoils. It's easily worth $20,000."

"I'd gladly pay Bess the cost," gasped Mrs. Thearle; "but, don't you see, I can't do so without explaining why I should make good her loss."

"And that would never do," agreed Blake. "The question is, What shall be done?"

"That's what I want you to tell," was the trusting answer. "You have never failed me yet, Paul, even when"—

Blake nodded. No need to put into words the memories of those troublous times when he had intervened to save her from the drunken whims of the man her parents had forced her to marry.

"I think I have an idea," he said after a moment of thought. "I don't suppose the count knows that you saw him?"

"I was on the other side of the room and with my back turned. I saw him in the mirror. He took it off Bessie's wrist and slipped it into the breast pocket of his coat."

"We used to have a lot of fun over my magic," Blake said reminiscently. "It's hardly the thing for a ballroom, but you might ask me to do a few tricks."

"And borrow the bracelet of the count?" she asked hopefully.

"Something like that," was the laughing answer. "I believe that you have a bracelet a little like Bess'. Well, put it on and lend it to me when I ask for it."

Mrs. Thearle clapped her hands. "I know that you would think out some way," she declared. "Shall I ask you as soon as we get back to the ball room?"

"In about a quarter of an hour," he explained. "Don't let it look too cut and dried."

Blake slipped out of the conservatory by another door, and his surprise was well simulated when he was asked to perform a few tricks. Mrs. Thearle had only to make the suggestion, for the other guests eagerly took up the matter. Paul Blake had at one time thought of going upon the stage, for he was a more than ordinarily clever performer, and only the unexpected inheritance from a great-uncle had headed off a professional career.

Of late he had refused all requests to perform in drawing rooms, as the demands upon his good nature had become too frequent, so there was the promise of novelty in his performance after two seasons of retirement.

He rapidly arranged his improvised stage with a couple of tables and such simple properties as he could obtain from his hostess, while the guests stopped dancing to crowd around and watch his really clever work.

"Here's a new one," he announced after he had performed a routine of familiar vanishments and appearances. "For this I want a piece of jewelry—a watch, a ring, anything."

A dozen offers were offered, for a number of ... he had drawn upon the audience for handkerchiefs and other small ... s. Without seeming to make any particular selection Blake took the bracelet that Mrs. Thearle offered and, ... ded it while he pretended to ... a borrowed handkerchief, which he gave to Mrs. Thearle to ...

"You are positive that you feel the bracelet in the handkerchief?" he asked, and ... nade in answer to an almost imperceptible nod declared in the affirmative. Blake gave her closed hand a tap with the fan he used as a wand.

"Is you is or is you ain't?" he asked.

Mrs. Thearle gave a well simulated cry of surprise and at Blake's direction unrolled a handkerchief to show that it was empty.

"If the count will oblige me by taking the bracelet from his pocket, Mrs. Thearle will identify it as her property," announced Blake, stepping toward the surprised foreigner.

Before the count could act he had thrust his hand within the pocket and obtained possession of the stolen bracelet. A quick pass and the bracelet which he had borrowed from Mrs. Thearle was in Blake's hand and the other was in his pocket.

Later the stolen property was conveniently found by a servant and handed to its owner, and Blake's trick was not thought of in connection with the find.

"It was beautifully done," praised Mrs. Thearle as he lingered after the rest had gone. "No one suspected. I just knew that if I revealed the secret he would insist upon making a scene. He is that sort of man."

"As it was, he found the trick a decided surprise," said Blake, with a reminiscent laugh. "It was worth the trouble just to see his face."

"It was worth more than that," was the warm response.

"I'm glad you think so," said Blake, taking possession of her hand, "for I am going to ask the highest fee I have ever demanded. I want nothing less than you, Alma."

"I think you have earned your fee," she said simply.

Loud Talking.

"Did you ever notice," he asked, "how foreigners always speak very loudly when talking with other persons of their own country?

"I mean that foreigners traveling about in this country conduct their conversations at the top of their voices. The same is true of them in restaurants, where they discuss the most private matters openly and loudly. They have abundant confidence that no one else will know what they are saying.

"I remember on one occasion being on the street with a young woman who knew Italian much more than I did. We passed several Italians who were walking along, and one of them, turning to his companion, made a remark about the young woman's personal appearance that wasn't exactly flattering.

"From her face I know that she understood. I turned about angrily, but she put her hand on my arm and asked me not to do anything, so we let it go at that."

"Yes," said the other man, "and if you ever have been abroad you will remember that Americans and English there are quite as free in their way of expressing loudly all sorts of opinions. It looks like a standoff to me."—New York Sun.

The Artist's Welcome.

The famous son was coming home to pay his mother a visit. He was a pianist, had been sent abroad by wealthy friends for a four years' course in his chosen art, had thereafter spent a year on the concert stage there and behind a vanguard of newspaper reports of his success abroad, both musically and financially, he was now coming home. When he stepped from the train at Plattsville his mother rushed to him. When she had reached him, however, she suddenly gave a gasp and stood stock still, staring at him. The next moment she burst into sobs and fell on his neck.

"Henry, my poor Henry," the poor woman cried, "they told me you were doing so well over there and makin' money plentiful! My poor, poor boy!"

"What's the matter, mother?" exclaimed the bewildered son. "What makes you doubt what they told you?"

"Oh, Henry," she cried, unappeased, "I kin see how you've suffered! You haven't been able to scrape enough money together to get your hair cut!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

WOULD HAVE SHOT HIM.

Quaint Story of Marshal Soult and Louis Philippe.

In the reign of Louis Philippe Victor Hugo was a frequent and welcome guest at the Tuileries. Here is one of his anecdotes of the time as told in Victor Hugo's memoirs:

"A few days ago the king said to Marshal Soult in the presence of others, 'Marshal, do you remember the siege of Cadiz?'

"'Rather, sire, I should think so. I swore enough before that cursed Cadiz. I invested the place and was forced to go away as I had come.'

"'Marshal, while you were before it I was inside it.'

"'I know, sire.'

"'The cortes and the British cabinet offered me the command of the Spanish army.'

"'I remember, sire.'

"'The offer was a grave one. I hesitated long. Bear arms against France? For my family it is possible, but against my country! I was greatly perplexed. At this juncture you asked me through a trustworthy person for a secret interview in a little house situated on the Cortadura, between the city and your camp. Do you remember the fact, M. Marshal?'

"'Perfectly, sir. The day was fixed and the interview arranged.'

"'And I did not turn up?'

"'That is so.'

"'Do you know why?'

"'I never knew.'

"'I will tell you. As I was preparing to meet you the commander of the English squadron, apprised of the matter I know not how, dropped upon me brusquely and warned me that I was about to fall into a trap; that Cadiz being impregnable, they despaired of seizing me, but that at Cortadura I would be arrested by you; that the emperor wished to make the Duc d'Orléans a second volume of the Duc d'Enghien, and that you would have me shot instantly. There, really,' added the king, with a smile, 'your hand on your conscience, were you going to shoot me?'

"The marshal remained silent for a moment, then replied: 'No, sire. I wanted to compromise you.' The subject of the conversation was changed. A few minutes later the marshal took leave of the king, and the king, as he watched him go, said, with a smile, to the person who had heard the conversation: 'Compromise! Compromise! Today it is called compromise; in reality he would have shot me.'"

GALLERY WIT.

Sometimes the Actors Turn the Tables on the Interrupters.

Some amusing instances of the wit and humor of the gallery and pit patrons of the drama are printed in the English Illustrated Magazine. On one of the first nights of the opera of "Cymon" at Drury Lane a dissatisfied critic when Mr. Vernon began the last air in the fourth act, "Turn from me, turn from me! Which way did they take her?" immediately sang in the exact time of the air, to the astonishment of the audience, "Why, toward Long Acre, toward Long Acre!"

Vernon was for a moment stunned; but recovering himself, he sang in rejoinder: "Ho, ho! Did they so? Then, I'll overtake her! I'll soon overtake her!" and precipitately ran off amid the plaudits of the whole house.

In "Sancho Panza," a comedy in three acts by Dufresny, the duke says at the beginning of the third act, "I begin to get tired of Sancho." "So do I," said a wag in the pit, taking his hat and walking out. This sealed the fate of the piece.

When John Reeve was playing Bombastes at Bristol upon being stabbed by Artixominus he denied the fairness of the thrust and, appealing to the pit, said, "It is not fair, sir, is it?" A bald-headed gentleman who probably took the whole representation to be serious and to whom Reeve directed his glance replied, "Really, sir, I cannot say, for I don't fence."

Barry Sullivan, the Irish tragedian, was playing in "Richard III." some years ago at Shrewsbury. When he came to the line, "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" some one in the pit called out, "Wouldn't a donkey suit you, Mr. Sullivan?" "Yes," responded the tragedian, turning quickly on the interrupter, "please come round to the stage door."

How Red Herrings Came.

The first red herring was accidentally produced in England many years ago by a fisherman who, having a surplus of fresh herring, hung them up in a smoky shed to dry and then forgot all about them. When he looked at them some time after he found that they had changed in color. The king, to whom the fishes were presented, was so interested that he gave permission to the fisherman to exhibit them around the country as strange monsters.

His Nerve Good.

Dissatisfied Committeeman — You made a dismal failure in your effort to please our audience. I shall not pay your fee in full.

Egotistic Lecturer—Oh, indeed, you must, sir! I assure you I worked much harder than I should have had to labor with a less difficult audience. Besides, think how much rarer a sight I have given you by failing than I should have given if I had succeeded!—Lyceumite and Talent.

Not Unlikely.

The following appeared recently in a schoolboy's essay:

"A long time ago England was once a foreign country. England has much coal beds. When it is finished we shall have to use our brains for fuel, and it will be scarce."—London Pick-Me-Up.

Tired mother's worn out by the peevish, cross baby, have found Cascasweet a boon and a blessing. Cascasweet is for babies and children, and is especially good for the ills so common in cold weather. Look for the ingredients printed on the bottle. Contains no harmful drugs. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

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The Morning After.

By CECILY ALLEN.

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It was the very irony of fate!

Victor Marshall stood before the billboard, staring dully at its foot high lettering:

MISS MAUDE MOWRY,
VIOLINISTE
MOZART HALL
THURSDAY EVENING, FEB. 2
Under the patronage of the Countess of Carchester, Mrs. Peter Wolff-De Peyster, Mrs. Roger Standbilt, Mrs. Porter Osbourne-Smith.
Tickets, $3, $2 and $1.

Marshall glanced from the billboard to his watch and then signaled for a cab. He had meant to walk in leisurely fashion to his hotel, but matters had suddenly turned urgent. His room engaged, he turned toward The Bower shop at the far end of the electrically lighted corridor. Nothing in the whole shop seemed worthy of the Maude he had known. The orchids drooped even in the refrigerator. The stems of the American Beauties were too short. The pink roses were too deep in tone. They would clash with the delicate tint of her cheeks. He finally settled on lilies of the valley and California violets.

Then he hurried over to the stand where theater tickets were sold. As they never carried tickets for Mozart hall, how they would send a messenger for one?

By 7:30 Marshall was finishing over his toilet. That lavender tie looked too loud by electric light, and the white had turned a queer yellowish that he would wear black. That was always safe.

He arrived fifteen minutes too soon and watched nervously the slow gathering of the well gowned audience. When the strings sextet started the overture the house was half empty.

Marshall wondered what ailed the music loving public of New York that it would take chances on missing the opening number by its favorite violiniste. And then she came out through the narrow white and gold door, and he forgot the audience, forgot everything but her—her clinging white gown frosted with pearls, her slender white throat.

She was looking thinner than when she left McKeesport, and her face had a wistful expression where once it had been a trifle imperious.

So much magic had done for her! Like Undine, she had found her soul, but somehow Victor Marshall caught himself wondering, under the spell of her playing, why the kiss of music and not of love had awakened that soul.

He woke with a start. The audience was applauding, and ushers were hurrying down the aisle with monstrous floral offerings. American Beauties, with stems three and four feet long, overslipped by golden chrysanthemums.

Victor Marshall leaned back grimly in his chair. What was $10 worth of lilies and violets in New York?

The piece de resistance of the concert was over, a concerto in which the violiniste had outshone the popular string sextet.

Marshall reached for his hat. Part of the audience was rushing for the entrance, exclaiming the personalities of regular concert goers. Another group, a smaller one, was making its way intuitively toward the door leading to the dressing room, obviously to congratulate the star.

Impulsively Victor Marshall started to follow the smaller group, then stopped, with a grim smile on his lips. Every one of those men were evening clothes. He'd look well in his plain business suit offering congratulations along with countesses and society leaders.

So he went back to the hotel—but not to sleep. All night he fought it out with himself. Sometimes he paced the floor. Sometimes he stood gazing over the twinkling lights of the city. And by morning he had found himself.

He would drop in to call upon his old sweetheart, but in the most correct and casual way. Of course McKeesport had not dreamed that she had advanced so far in her profession. The Countess of Carchester! Mrs. Roger Standbilt! They were names to conjure with.

And he had thought that because he had won the D. R. and Fort G. suit he had the world at his feet and Maude Mowry would be glad to come back and reign over the Queen Anne cottage he had bought without even writing to her.

He did not dare to think of the new bay window he had designed for the South room, nor the rugs he had selected at the mechanical exposition, nor the Marshall mahogany he had bought from the rest of the heirs.

It was 4 in the afternoon when, refreshed by a Turkish bath and a thick beefsteak, he felt fit to present himself at the studio of "Miss Maude Mowry, Violiniste." Under the very eyes of a very towering studio building and in the dim light of fading day and shaded electroliers it seemed to radiate that vague artistic atmosphere of which Victor Marshall had read much.

Maude was glad to see him, unfeignedly, frankly glad, and Marshall argued that it was the proper attitude of the great and the successful toward old time friends. He leaned back in the carved French chair where he could keep the masses of fragrant floral offerings in full view to temper his speech. They were a warning against personalities and reminiscences.

But try as he would, to talk glittering generalities, Maude steadily and persistently led the conversation back to McKeesport, old friends and what Marshall felt was the danger zone for himself. He would not tell her of the D. R. and Fort G. case, because she might guess that behind this triumph lay his heart's secret, the years of work for her. Oh, no! He would be game and as coolly worldly as herself.

The chimes in a nearby church tower rang 6, and he rose abruptly.

"I'm going back tomorrow," he began.

"Tomorrow"— Her voice was a bit faint and toneless. She was burying her face in his violets.

"Yes; I just ran on to see a—a—man on business."

She was looking at him above the violets now, and he felt that she saw straight through that lie, so he plunged desperately.

"I'd like awfully well to take you out to dinner with me tonight at—at any old place you might name; but, you see, I've no evening clothes with me. I didn't think I came on business"—

"Oh, bother the evening clothes," exclaimed Maude, with a shaky laugh. "I'll wear a tailored suit and shirt waist."

"It's awfully good of you," he said. "Do you know where we can get good food without too much style?"

The girl looked at him oddly.

"I don't know. Sometimes I think I've forgotten what good food tastes like. It's been tea and cocoa and rolls, with an occasional ~~lunch, for~~ so long that real hot food sounds like—well heaven!"

He was staring at her as she stood there against the bank of flowers.

"I don't understand," he began. She closed her eyes suddenly as if shutting out unhappy memories. "Last night—those flowers—that beautiful dress you wore—and the countess"—

"Yes, last night finished it all. It took every dollar I had earned by bagging. Most of those folks were other musicians. They came on passes. They spent on flowers what I needed for food and clothes. The countess and the rest of the patrons gave their names—and nothing more—through my manager. He got $50 out of it; I got $5. That's what it means to give your first concert in New York. That's what musical success means for a girl without backing."

For a moment Victor Marshall could not find his voice. Then very gently he drew the girl to his side.

"I've been in wrong," he said slangily, but earnestly. "I thought you did not care, and so I pretended not to." Her head was on his shoulder, her relaxed form shaking with sobs. Then, being a wise man in love, if not in affairs musical, Victor Marshall told her quietly and gently all about the D. R. and Fort G. case, the Queen Anne cottage, its new bay window, the rugs and the Marshall mahogany.

And when he had finished they went forth together into the glittering streets, she wearing the California violets and he a single spray of lilies of the valley. Then for the second time that day Marshall ordered and ate, this time with much gusto, a steak four inches thick, which Maude Mowry, ex-concert violinist and bride-prospective, compared favorably to ambrosia, which goes to show that Olympus may be located anywhere between New York, McKeesport and Hoboken.

A Budding Financier.

Bobby's parents had forbidden him to accept presents of money from casual visitors or strangers. The visitor to his home who was attracted by the boy's bright face and who wished to show his approval by offering Bobby his stray pennies was politely but firmly told any other kind of present would be welcomed, but that the boy was not allowed to take gifts of money. The parents explained that they wished to keep the innocent boy untainted by the lust for money, which he would only squander on harmful sweetmeats. However, in cases where Bobby had rendered an actual service he was permitted to accept remuneration when offered, as his parents reasoned that the laborer is worthy of his hire.

A nice old lady who was a friend of the family noticed Bobby passing one day and, calling him in, asked him to run down to a nearby store for her. Bobby executed his commission and returned promptly. The old lady was pleased.

"That was very nicely done, Bobby, and you are a bright lad," she said, fumbling in her purse. "Now, here is a penny for you."

Bobby drew himself up with dignity.

"My price for doing that kind of an errand," he said very distinctly, "is 5 cents."—New York Press.

His Souvenir.

A famous novelist arrived one day at a little country place and from the moment he crossed the threshold of the quiet inn comforted himself with excessive ease.

He was passionately addicted to cabbage and instructed the landlord to prepare for dinner on his arrival an immense dish of that vegetable, which he conscientiously devoured.

Next day there was cabbage in the soups and cabbage in the stew, and by the third day the whole culinary department by order was conducted on the basis of cabbage.

After a week's stop the novelist had sickened of it and announced his intention of departing. Just before starting he waited on his host to present his respects. He found him in the garden—the kitchen garden.

"Good sir," he began loquaciously, "may I not hope that, after having been the guest of so capable an entertainer, I shall not be suffered to depart without a souvenir of the visit?"

The country landlord looked at him with surprise and then, inspired with an idea, called aloud:

"John"—a farmhand—"bring one of your finest cabbages for this gentleman."—London Standard.

CHINESE LANGUAGE.

Difference Between the Written Characters and Speech.

The dialects or languages of the Chinese empire are very numerous and dissimilar. Thus a Chinese speaking the dialect of the Kwangtung (Canton) province is not understood by a Chinese residing in the neighboring province of Fuklen. The language or dialect spoken at Shanghai would be quite strange to the people residing at Pekin.

Written characters of Chinese are, however, understood and recognized by sight throughout the whole empire in the same manner as our Arabic numerals 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., are recognized by the eye throughout Europe. But as these numerals when pronounced or read have entirely different sounds attached to them in England, France, Germany, Italy, etc., so the Chinese written characters are spoken in totally different words and sounds in the several provinces of China, with, however, the important exception that the mandarin language is spoken or understood more or less throughout three-fourths of China or, roughly speaking, in nearly all the provinces north and west of the river Yangtze.

The language known as Wen-li is the medium by which the classical books of China have been handed ... It is par excellence the written ... age of China, but it is not generally understood by the great mass of ... ple. The spoken language viz, Mandarin—may also be written, and ... re is a good deal of colloquial literature in Mandarin. Versions of the ... local patois have also been produced in several districts of the ... st, where the dialects are very numerous and diverse.

In the Chinese writing ... uage there are over 40,000 distinct characters or symbols, and this vast number is being constantly increased by the addition of new characters to represent new scientific words in ... odern ideas.

Although the Chinese are considered a literary people and have naturally a desire for education, yet owing to the extreme difficulty of mastering the Chinese characters it is estimated that only one in ten of the population can read or write.—Contemporary Review.

LIVED AFTER HANGING.

Men and Women Who Survived the Ordeal of the Scaffold.

Innumerable instances of resuscitation after hanging are recorded. Henry III. granted a pardon to a woman named Inetta de Balsham, who was suspended from a gibbet on a Monday to sunrise of Thursday and afterward "came to." Dr. Plot tells of a Swiss who was hanged up thirteen times without effect on account of the peculiar condition of his windpipe, it having been converted into bone by disease.

Annie Green, a servant girl, was hanged at Oxford in 1650 and recovered fourteen hours afterward under a doctor's treatment. Mrs. Cope, who was hanged at the same place eight years later, also recovered. On Sept. 2, 1724, Margaret Dickson was hanged at Edinburgh and recovered while being carried to the grave. She lived for many years afterward and was universally known as "Half-Hanged Maggie Dickson."

A housebreaker named Smith was hanged at Tyburn in 1705. A reprieve came when he had been suspended a quarter of an hour. He was cut down, bled and revived. William Duell, hanged in London in 1740, revived and was transported. A man hanged in Cork in 1765 was taken in hand by a physician, who brought him round in six hours, and we are told the fellow had the nerve to attend a theatrical performance the same evening.

Richard Johnson, hanged at Shrewsbury, Oct. 3, 1690, obtained a promise from an undersheriff to place him in the coffin without changing his clothes. After hanging half an hour he still showed signs of life, and on examination it was found he had wrapped cords about his body connected with hooks at the neck which prevented the rope from doing its work. The apparatus was removed and the man hanged effectually.

It may be offered in explanation of the cases mentioned that there was no drop used at executions in those days, the culprit usually suffering asphyxia without the cerebral column being broken.—London Tit-Bits.

Grim Comedy.

A certain young actress was constantly irritated by the pompous behavior of the actor-manager in whose company she was playing.

"Now, Miss Blank," said the great one, "you'll have an opportunity to show your talents in another direction. I've cast you for a dandy part, small, but 'fat.' And you'll have a chance to study me in a new role." You've never seen me do farce comedy, have you?"

"Yes, I have," contradicted Miss Blank; "I've seen your Macbeth."

The Pain of It.

"I wouldn't have minded being whipped so much," said the young culprit, "if the teacher hadn't said that my punishment hurt him more than it did me."

"That oughtn't to make you feel any worse."

"Well, it did. What he punished me for was telling stories."

Barred Out.

"Don't you feel well?" asked a friend.

"Not very," answered Mr. Cumrox.

"Why don't you go home?"

"I can't. Mother and the girls are giving a tea, and I'm not invited."—Washington Star.

Misery may love company, but it doesn't entertain its company very well.

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As It Happened

By TROY ALLISON.

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Chesterton, first honor man, captain of the football team and all around favorite, walked down the elm avenue leading to the college, lost in meditation. He never even chose the best spots on the slippery, sleety path, and beyond rubbing his ears and nose occasionally in the most absentminded way he seemed not to know that the winter was getting in its very worst blizzard.

He kicked a piece of ice out of his path viciously, all the fervor of his heart concentrating itself in the wish that it could have been Johnson of the junior class who had obstructed his path in the same manner. The mere thought of it caused him to walk out of his way to find another larger and more kickable obstacle.

The night before at the senior prom Esther Dillon had danced six times with the insufferable Johnson—and

"YOU SEE, I'VE SPRAINED MY ANKLE."

had steadfastly pleaded a full card every time Chesterton approached her. Chesterton didn't know what was the matter. Her coolness had been first perceptible on Christmas day, and the thermometer had dropped steadily until it had, he realized, reached absolute freezing point. In his steadily growing desire to see the image of Johnson in every kickable object he finally overreached himself and sat down on the ground with a badly sprained ankle.

Esther Dillon, whose father was a teacher of mathematics and lived within the college grounds, on her way home from an afternoon's shopping came upon him suddenly as he was trying his foot to see if he could manage to hobble to the dormitory.

"You develop new traits daily, Mr. Chesterton," she said in the politely frigid tone she had used for six weeks. "I never dreamed any one could find pleasure in sitting on the ice covered edge of a carriage drive. Does the approaching twilight seem more soulful from such standpoint?"

He stood up hastily on his one sound foot and smiled grimly.

"Standpoint seems an inaccuracy of speech, Miss Esther, and really I have become so acclimated to chilliness in the last few weeks that I didn't notice the temperature of the pavement being anything but normal. Perhaps you wouldn't mind being friendly long enough to help a fellow reach the dormitory. You see, I've sprained my ankle"—

"Oh," she said, quickly sympathetic, "let me run to the gymnasium and send some of the boys. Does it hurt much?"

"Pretty bad, but I don't mind the pain so much if I can manage to hobble on. I was just taking a long breath to shout for one of the fellows, but I would rather have you help me if you don't mind. I'll put my hand on your shoulder to steady myself, and I think I can manage some kind of a halting gait."

The girl in her sympathy forgot the grievance she had against him, and with every limping step Chesterton grew more firmly convinced that being a cripple for life might have its compensations.

"What made you do it?" he asked abruptly. The shoulder he was leaning on twitched violently.

"Do what?" she asked, with perverse feminine ignorance.

"Freeze me, ignore me, cut me, slight me, neglect me"—

"Perhaps if you wait until you reach the library you might consult the dictionary and find a few more transitive verbs," she suggested, with a gurgle of amusement.

Chesterton heard the note of laughter and came down on his lame foot with so buoyant a step that he grimaced with pain.

"Why did you do it, Esther?" he asked pleadingly.

"Why didn't you even thank me the tiniest little bit for the Christmas present I sent you?" she faltered.

Chesterton stopped and, balancing on one foot, faced her in unfeigned astonishment.

"Why—my dear girl, this is the first I have heard of it!"

"Really! Didn't you even get it?" with a joy that scarcely seemed an appropriate show of feeling for the loss of an article that she had spent so much time in selecting. "I'm so glad!" she said impulsively.

He was filled with compunction for having cherished such malicious feelings toward Johnson. Johnson wasn't half a bad fellow. He remembered that he had once liked him immensely.

"That's the reason you were not nice to me at the Christmas night reception" he hazarded hopefully.

"Of course that was the reason. When I thanked you for the roses and you didn't say a word—not even a tiny word about the package I sent you—I thought that—men were so queer," dolefully.

"Of course I seemed a downright brute and barbarian," berating himself manfully. "And I went to that reception with my courage screwed to the highest notch. I wanted to ask you if you wouldn't miss me enough at the end of the term to—er—you know this is my last year, Esther," he finished awkwardly.

"Y-e-s—it's your last year," she repeated softly.

"Esther, suppose that package had gone astray—and I had let you see how overjoyed I was to have you think to send me anything—anything on earth, from a pale blue necktie to a white elephant—anything on earth that you had thought to send of your own accord," magnanimously, "do you think that you would have been nice enough to me to have given me courage to tell you what I wanted to say?" He tried to see her face in the fast gathering darkness.

"It wasn't pale blue nor so large as an elephant," she parried.

"My dear girl, I find I can't possibly walk without supporting myself more." He put his arm across her shoulders and then scowled to see they were nearing the electric light on the driveway.

"I think it was the prettiest poster I ever saw," she said. And Chesterton's heart leaped when she reached up and patted the hand on her shoulder.

"I am coming over the first minute I can hobble with a stick and ask Professor Dillon if he wouldn't like a son-in-law," joyfully."

The innocent Mr. Johnson, who had been utterly condemned and afterward pardoned, came near falling to his former estate by appearing suddenly on the scene.

"Hello, old chap; anything serious? I'll lend a hand," he said with the misplaced cheerfulness of a life saving hero. The girl, surrendering her charge, hurried down a bypath to their cottage.

That night Chesterton, in bath robe and slippers and absolute happiness, put down his pipe to take the note and the package that were handed him.

"Wasn't I stupid?" he read. "I did this package up carefully, the first of all my presents. I put it in the music cabinet for safe keeping and thought I had mailed it. Mother found it this afternoon. I don't know if you would really like to have such an absentminded wife—she might forget to have your dinner on time—but I asked father myself, and he was almost as pleased as"—

Chesterton stood on his feet in his ebullition of spirits and sat down just as suddenly.

"But I don't mind a sprained ankle at all." He stroked the swollen foot contentedly. "It's a planned good investment."

This Busy Age.

"This is a busy age, sure enough," said a man who prides himself on keeping in touch with old friends. "We get new proofs of it every day. Not only do we find that we ourselves have less and less time to devote to this, that and the other thing, but we have it brought in upon us that everybody is pretty much in the same fix.

"The other morning I had a letter from a chap whom I know pretty well. I say it was a letter. It was and it wasn't, and in that contradiction lies the point of my remark. A bit of good fortune had happened to him. He had been given a position that counted for a lot, and his home paper had printed an item about it. Wanting to tell me of his luck, he had clipped the item from the sheet, pasted it on a piece of paper and forwarded it to me with his initials scrawled across the bottom. Five years ago he would have sat down and written me. Now he uses shears and paste. Oh, it's all right. I got the information, and that is the main thing. But we're all pretty busy, aren't we?" he concluded.—New York Press.

When Turkeys Are Angry.

In countries where flocks of turkeys are raised one can learn very quickly from their gobblings when they have captured a hare. If they meet him standing still or lying down they form in a circle around him and, putting their heads down, repeat their peculiar cries. The hare remains quiet, and it is sometimes possible to take him up, terrorized as he is in the midst of the black circle of gobbling beaks and heads. The language of the turkeys is at that time incontestably significant. It is warlike and similar to that of the males when they are fighting. In the present instance they have joined for war, and they make it on the frightened hare.

All Lives Are Interesting.

Not a blade of grass but has a story to tell, not a heart but has its romance, not a life that does not hide a secret which is either its thorn or its spur. Everywhere grief, hope, comedy, tragedy, even under the petrification of old age, as in the twisted forms of fossils, we may discover the agitations and tortures of youth. This thought is the magic wand of poets and preachers. It strips the scales from our fleshly eyes and gives us a clear view into human life. It opens to the ear a world of unknown melodies and makes us understand the thousand languages of nature.—H. F. Amiel.

Large Thumbs.

"People of great strength of character, who are guided by the head rather than the heart, have large thumbs," says Irving R. Bacon. "Whenever you see a person with a strikingly large, well developed thumb, you may be almost certain you have before you one who is a natural born ruler, eminently practical and fond of whatever is useful. Wherefore also he is fond of history. A large thumbed woman may fall in love as deeply as her small thumbed sister, but will not marry unless she can see a sufficient bread and butter supply ahead. But she is more apt to be a real helpmate when adversity comes."—New York Journal.

Unintentional Sabbath Breaking.

In the early days of New England it was the custom to keep the Sabbath from sundown Saturday night until the same hour on Sunday. That this practice was attended by pitfalls is shown by an incident told in "The Papers of the Connecticut Valley Historical Society."

There lived in Deerfield a thrifty dame, an enterprising, driving woman and a notable housewife. The good woman was not willing to lose Sunday evenings out of her catalogue of housework, but she was pious withal and strictly kept the day to the sunset limit. As soon as the sun was fairly below the horizon she would begin her washing and get her clothes ready for drying bright and early on Monday morning.

One cloudy Sunday she, supposing the day was ended, changed her Sunday gown, rolled up her sleeves and went to work. As she was scrubbing away in the kitchen, her face toward the west window, the clouds suddenly broke, and the great round sun shone in full on the poor Sabbath breaker at work. She gave one cry of amazement and horror and fled the kitchen.

After that sinful day she never began her work on Sunday evening.

Strict Truth.

May—She says she can trace her ancestry on her mother's side back to the conquest of England. Fay—That's correct. Her maternal grandmother was married in leap year to a man named England.—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Ruling Passion.

"Why didn't your daughter go to Europe to study music, Mrs. Dibbs?"

"We've got her ready to go three times, and each time she decided she'd rather stay at home and show her clothes."

Here comes the spring winds to chap, tan and freckle. Use Pinesalve Carbolized, (Acts like a poultice) for cuts, sores, burns, chapped lips, hands and face. It soothes and heals. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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Notice to Electors.

RESOLVED BY THE TOWN COUNCIL OF THE BOROUGH OF SMETHPORT THAT THERE BE GIVEN

NOTICE

To the Electors of the Borough of Smethport of a Special Election to be held on Tuesday, the 14th day of April, 1903, as per following:

ORDINANCE NO. 70.

Entitled an Ordinance to establish a pavement on Main Street, or a portion thereof, in the Borough of Smethport, and to provide for the cost of constructing the same.

Be it ordained by the Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Smethport, in the County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, and it is hereby ordained by authority of same:

Section 1. To improve the condition of Main Street, or a portion thereof, in the Borough of Smethport, and at the proper cost and expense thereof, it is hereby ordained that a suitable pavement shall be constructed and laid on Main Street, or such portion thereof as in the judgment of the Burgess and Town Council seem proper together with such additional paving as is necessary to include the lateral sidewalks over the intersecting streets, and the necessary amount of grading, curbing and drainage incident thereto.

Section 2. To provide for the cost and expense of constructing such pavement the Town Council desires to increase the bonded indebtedness of the said Borough of Smethport in the sum of $21,615.09, or so much thereof as may be necessary to defray the cost of such construction (which sum will increase the indebtedness of said borough to more than two, but less than seven per centum of the last assessed valuation thereof) provided, the assent of the electors of said Borough can be had to such increase of bonded indebtedness, at an election to be held as shall be hereafter prescribed by resolution of the council and notice to the electors.

All former laws ordinances are hereby repealed.

JOHN ROONEY, President of the Council.
Attest: W. G. HOLDEN, Secretary of the Council.
Approved this 9th day of March, A. D. 1903.
EDGAR W. STRONG, Chief Burgess.

For the purpose of obtaining such assent, there is hereby proclaimed an election to be held in due form by the legally constituted officers, at the usual place of holding elections in said Borough, upon the 14th day of April, A. D. 1903, between the hours of seven a. m. and seven p. m.

The Secretary of the Council is directed to insert a notice embodying a copy of the foregoing ordinance in the Smethport County Miner and in the McKean Democrat, weekly newspapers published in said Borough, once a week during thirty days prior to the day of said election, and in order to give the information and notice required by law, the following statement is declared:

The amount of the last assessed valuation of the taxable property in said Borough is,	$1,852,070.00
The existing funded debt of said Borough,	$ 30,000.00
Assets,	$ 1,700.07
Making a total present indebtedness of	$ 28,300.93

The percentage of the actual net increase in the bonded indebtedness of said $21,615.09 is ascertained to be 1.16% of the last adjusted valuation of said Borough.

The said proposed increase of bonded indebtedness of $21,615.09 authorized by the electors of said Borough is intended to be used wholly, or so much thereof as may be necessary to defray the cost of constructing said pavement provided in Section 1 of the foregoing Ordinance, together with the curbing, grading, drainage and such other expenses as are incident thereto.

JOHN ROONEY, President of the Council.
Attest: W. G. HOLDEN, Secretary of the Council.
Approved this 9th day of March, A. D. 1903.
EDGAR W. STRONG, Chief Burgess.

IN THE MATTER OF THE PETITION OF THE C. PLATS SONS CUTLERY COMPANY FOR DISSOLUTION OF ITS CORPORATE EXISTENCE.	IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF McKEAN COUNTY. No. 6, JUNE TERM, 1903.

Notice is hereby given that the C. Plats Sons Cutlery Company has filed in the above court its petition praying for a decree of dissolution, and that the court has fixed Monday, the 20th day of April, 1903, at two o'clock p. m. as the time and the said court as the place for hearing said petition and application for dissolution, when and where all persons interested may attend and show cause if any they have, why the prayer of the said petition should not be granted.

BROWN & SCHOONMAKER, Solicitors for Petitioner.

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Attorneys.

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Smethport, Pa.

F. D. Gallup,
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